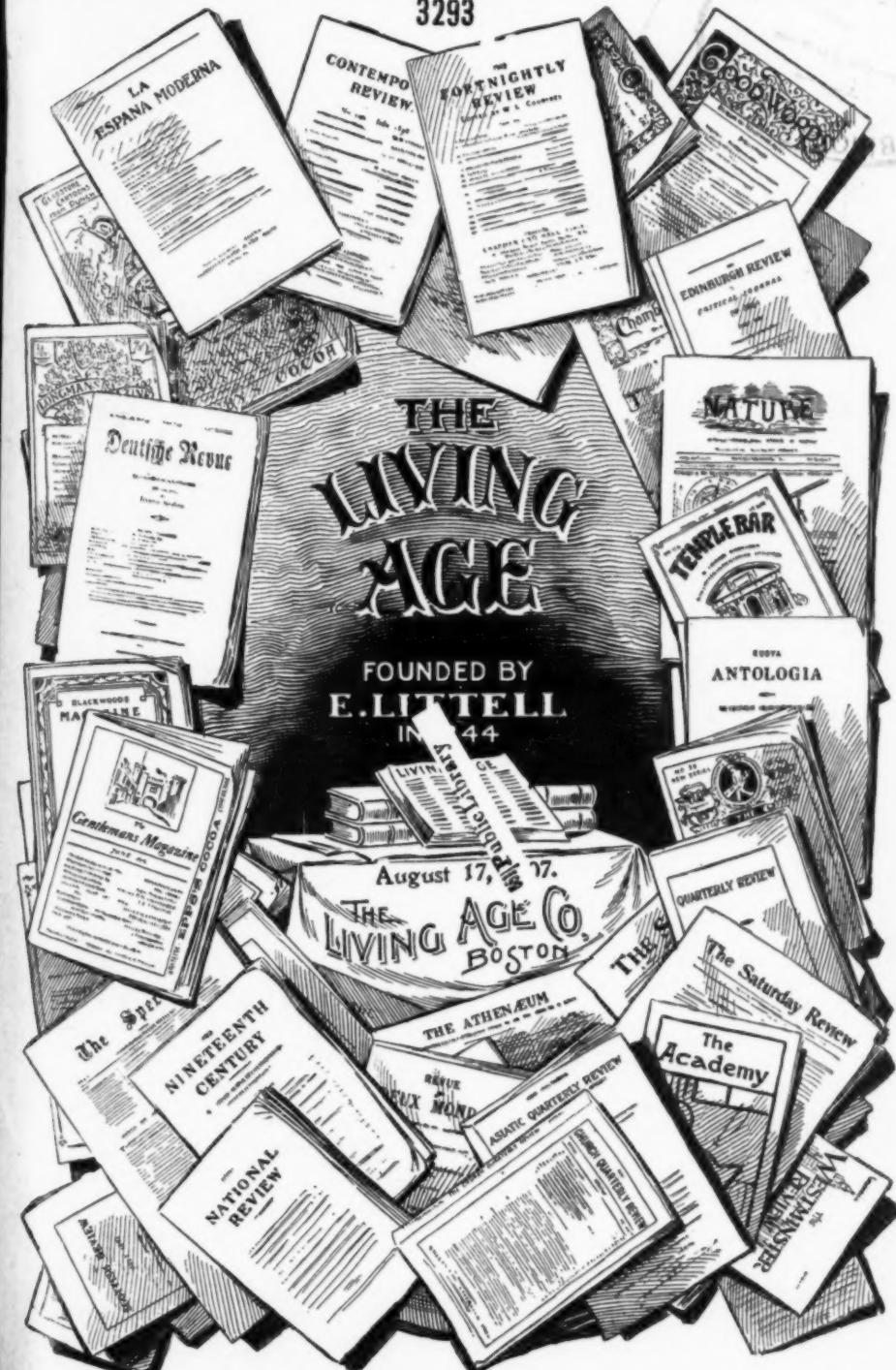


THE PROBLEM OF THE WEST INDIES. From the Fortnightly Review.

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THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXXVI.

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{ FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCLIV.

CONTENTS.

I.	The Problem of the West Indies. <i>By Imperialist</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	387
II.	Sunday. <i>By R. Bosworth Smith</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW	396
III.	The Enemy's Camp. Chapter XXVII. (To be continued.)	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE	401
IV.	My Lord's Perquisites. <i>By Michael MacDonagh</i>	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	404
V.	Summer Noon. <i>By A. T. Johnson</i>	GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE	408
VI.	Life on the Hire System. <i>By Marcus Reed</i>	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE	410
VII.	Indomitable. <i>By J. Stanley Hughes</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	416
VIII.	An Elizabethan Painter. <i>By Laurence Binyon</i>	SATURDAY REVIEW	430
IX.	Do Bees Reason?	OUTLOOK	433
X.	Demos. <i>By John Galsworthy</i>	NATION	435
XI.	The Coup d'Etat at Seoul	SPECTATOR	438
XII.	The Cult of Gaelic. <i>By A. J. S.</i>	ACADEMY	440
XIII.	In a New Neighborhood	PUNCH	442
XIV.	A French Critic on Ben Jonson	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	444
A PAGE OF VERSE			
XV.	A Memory. <i>By Katharine Tynan</i>	SPECTATOR	386
XVI.	The Miller's Song. <i>By Pamela Tennant</i>	ACADEMY	386
XVII.	A Wild Rose. <i>By G. Lowes Dickinson</i>	ALBANY REVIEW	386
			447
BOOKS AND AUTHORS			



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A MEMORY.

This is just the weather, a wet May
and blowing,
All the shining, shimmering leaves
tossing low and high,
When my father used to say: " 'Twill
be the great mowing!
God's weather's good weather, be it
wet or dry."

Blue were his eyes and his cheeks were
so ruddy,
He was out in all weathers, up and
down the farm;
With the pleasant smile and the word
for a wet body:
"Sure the weather's God's weather.
Who can take the harm?"

With a happy word he'd silence all re-
pining,
While the hay lay wet in field and
the cattle died,
When the rain rained every day and
no sun was shining:
"Ah, well, God is good," he'd say,
even while he sighed.

In the parched summer with the corn
not worth saving,
Every field bare as your hand, and
the beasts to feed,
Still he kept his heart up, when other
folk were raving:
"God will send the fodder; 'tis He
that knows the need."

A wet May, a wild May; he used to rise
up cheery
In the gray of the morning for mar-
ket and for fair.
Now he sleeps the whole year long,
though days be bright, be dreary.
In God's weather that's good weather
he sleeps without a care.

Now 'tis just the weather, a wild May
and weeping,
How the blackbird sang and sang
'mid the tossing leaves!
When my father used to say: " 'Twill
be the great reaping,
God send fine weather to carry home
the sheaves!"

Katharine Tynan.

The Spectator.

THE MILLER'S SONG.

Full many a night in the clear moon-
light
Have I wandered by valley and down
Where the owls fly low and hoot as
they go
The white winged owl and the brown.
For it's up and away ere the dawn of
the day
Where the glowworm shines in the
grasses
And the dusk lies cool on the reed-set
pool
And the night wind passes.

Full many a day have I found my way
Where the long road winds round the
hill
Where the wind blows free on a juniper lea
To the tune and the clank of a mill.
For a miller's a man that must work
while he can
With the rye and the barley growing
While his slow wheels churn, and the
great sails turn,
To the fair wind blowing.

Pamela Tennant.

The Academy.

A WILD ROSE.

Hovering soft on a clump of cluster-
ing green,
Light as a butterfly,
Pink-white as a sea-shell
Murmuring immemorial runes in an
orient estuary,
Sweet wild rose!
The whole round world
Laboring inextricably,
Æon in swallowing æon coil-involved,
Opened out into heaven and earth,
Nebulous hordes and planets blazing
alone,
Broke in a rain of creatures,
Huge girths, uncouth bulks,
And a myriad fluttering wings and
glittering scales,
That you for a moment there,
Light as a butterfly,
Wild rose, English rose,
Might hover, hover and pass.

G. Louces Dickinson.

The Albany Review.

THE PROBLEM OF THE WEST INDIES.

Any one who was acquainted alike with Great Britain and with the West Indian Colonies stood in need of no practical demonstration to convince him that nothing short of some violent convulsion of Nature would suffice to arouse the British public as a whole to even a transitory interest in the affairs of these sorry fragments of the Empire. Most schoolboys, in their time, have sailed in imagination with Columbus, with Raleigh, and with Drake, have shared with Charles Kingsley his fine, uncritical enthusiasm for the Elizabethan sea-brigands, and a few of us have even at a later stage been infected by the frenzy and intoxication of delight—once more wholly divorced from the critical spirit—which inspired the pages of *At Last*. Thus the West Indies still have for most uninstructed Englishmen a certain fragrance of romance. Such practical interest as we have to spare for things which touch our daily lives so remotely as our distant and scattered Colonies, however, is nowadays reserved almost exclusively for the self-governing dependencies. Since the South African war we have learned to talk glibly about "the great Sister Nations oversea," sublimely forgetful of the fact that the county of Lancashire carries a population of some 900,000 more than the continent of Australia and that the inhabitants of Glasgow are very nearly as numerous as those of New Zealand; and the rest of our knowledge concerning the Colonies is about as precise as our inflated phraseology. Meanwhile, the West Indies have suffered a total eclipse, and even now, when an appalling earthquake has suddenly attracted all eyes to one of the greatest of the islands, it is perhaps only characteristic of us in our latter-day developments

that we should have centred our attention in a trifle such as the wording of a certain private letter, rather than in the condition of the Colonies, one of which has been the victim of the most dramatic tragedy.

None the less, among the very few who know, and among the rather larger multitude who think they know, there has for some time past been an uneasy feeling abroad that all was not well with the West Indies. The diagnosis of the diseases from which the Colonies are suffering has, of course, been excessively vague; but an equally nebulous opinion has been gradually forming itself in the minds of some of our arm-chair administrators to the effect that "something ought to be done." From time to time in the past something *has* been done, the "nation of shopkeepers" seeking its usual unimaginative remedy for all ills by putting its hand into its breeches-pocket. "Such Imperial grants," said Mr. Lamont in the House of Commons two years ago, "reminded him of the action of the heraldic pelican drawing blood from her breast wherewith to feed her young, an action generous to the verge of Quixotism, but at the same time indicating some lack of resource on the part of the pelican." All of which is very true; wherefore Mr. Lamont came forward with a proposal which, in the opinion of himself and many others, is calculated to cure all the ills to which the West Indies are heirs. His suggestion—by no means a new one, of course—was that the West Indian Colonies should be federated, and the purely academical discussion raised on this subject ran its usual course. That is to say, that the accustomed colossal ignorance, which characterizes the view of the average legislator upon Co-

lonial questions and Colonial conditions, was duly displayed, even Sir Charles Dilke exposing a quite bewildering unacquaintance with the facts, and after some hours of abortive, uninstructive, and unfruitful talk, the motion for federation was withdrawn.

Later in the same year *The Times* printed a long letter from a West Indian correspondent proposing yet another remedy—the amalgamation of the West Indian Colonies with Canada. What machinery is to be devised that will render possible the assimilation of a number of Crown Colonies into a self-governing Dependency, such as the Dominion, was not explained; but once again, it will be seen, federation of a kind was put forward as the only remedy for the troubles of the West Indies. The fact would appear to be that the modern passion for "combines" of all descriptions leads many to think that federation is a sort of patent medicine calculated to cure every species of disease, and people are apt complacently to imagine that it is capable of working miracles. An examination of the questions involved, however, forces the conclusion that neither Mr. Lamont's suggestion, nor that of the writer in *The Times*, contributes materially to the desired solution, but they serve to indicate two facts—firstly, that the present state of things in the Colonies is undeniably unsatisfactory; and, secondly, that the time has come when action of some sort or another must be taken if their salvation is to be effected.

That the administrative changes advocated will fail to effect the improvement expected of them requires little demonstration. Mr. Lamont's proposal, as we understand it, was that the islands should be federated under a Governor-General, it being claimed that the erection of a central, supreme Government would tend to cheapen the cost of administration. Mr. Lyttelton

very appositely compared the scheme to one for the federation of the Isle of Man with Madeira, and, indeed, the geographical, no less than the social and economic facts are considerations which cannot be ignored. It must be recognized that the West Indies are not to be regarded as a compact and concrete whole. The conditions of the islands differ widely; their interests are not identical, and are, indeed, often diametrically opposed; what is good for Jamaica may be very bad for Barbados; what suits Barbados may not suit Trinidad; and when to these differences are added great divergence of race, of nationality, of creed, of character, and of political institutions, it will be readily appreciated that the West Indies are not one entity now, and that they lack any unifying influence which is likely to make them one in the future. When, moreover, it is remembered that the distance from Jamaica to Trinidad, for example, is one thousand miles, it is almost superfluous to point out that the expenses of transport of federal officers, and the enormous amount of time which they would inevitably waste in travelling, would swallow up such savings as might be expected to result from any reduction that could be effected in the actual number of senior officials in the Colonies.

The fact, however, upon which it is most necessary to insist is that the troubles of the West Indian islands have their origin, not in administrative extravagance and redundant civil lists, but in economic causes. If it could be shown, as it certainly cannot be shown, that a reduction in the cost of the salaries of officials would set the Colonies once more in a position of financial prosperity, then unquestionably there would be hope that in some scheme of reform and retrenchment an end to their sorrows might be found. As a matter of fact, however, the salaries

paid to officials in the West Indies do not compare favorably with those drawn by civil servants in other tropical dependencies of the Empire, though it is probable that there are more high-sounding titles to the square mile than are to be found anywhere else upon this earth; and though the lower branches of the services may fairly be said to be overmanned, it must not be forgotten that they afford a means of livelihood to a large number of the natives of the islands who would not otherwise be able so easily to make a living. On the other hand, the scale of taxation, if judged by English standards, is not heavy, and the poverty of the people, though very widespread, is not of the cruel, grinding, misery-producing character, bred of cold and famine, that belongs to poverty as we know it in this country. There is no sort of reason to suppose that Mr. Lamont's proposal would result in reducing the cost of administration by one-third and in effecting a proportionate reduction in local taxation; but even if this were to result, the material condition of the West Indian islands would thereafter be very much as it is to-day. Granting, therefore, all, and more than all, that can conceivably be claimed for the scheme for federation, the remedy suggested stands revealed no remedy at all; for—and this is the *crux* of the whole situation—the ills from which the West Indies suffer have their rise in purely economic causes.

This truth seems to have been grasped by the writer in *The Times* to whom reference has already been made, for it is on economic grounds that he advocates the amalgamation of the West Indian Colonies with Canada. His scheme, however, shares with that of Mr. Lamont the unfortunate feature of inadequacy: when examined it proves to be no remedy at all. Moreover, all the advantages which he claims for it would be secured to the West Indian

Colonies with equal certainty by the negotiation of a treaty of commercial reciprocity with the Dominion. The suggestion that Canada and the West Indies should conclude some such arrangement is by no means novel, but there are serious objections to be urged against it. The purchasing—and consuming—power of Canada is not sufficient now, and cannot for many years be sufficient, to cope with the producing power of the West Indies, and until the Dominion is in a position to take the whole of the Colonies' agricultural exports, the dread of precipitating a tariff war with the United States—a war which would spell complete ruin to the West Indies—causes many of the most thoughtful men who have been called upon to consider the proposal to deprecate the policy of Canadian reciprocity. Yet the conclusion of such a treaty, since it would secure to the Colonies all that they could expect to gain from amalgamation with the Dominion, while freeing them from the many and heavy disadvantages which that scheme would entail, is obviously a sounder course than that advocated by the writer in *The Times*.

The disadvantages referred to are patent to even the most casual observer. There are no grounds for supposing that the administration of the West Indies would gain anything in economy or in efficiency from amalgamation with the Dominion, while the Colonies themselves would certainly elect to be ruled from Downing Street by his Majesty's Government, for the time being, rather than by a Canadian Ministry in the selection of which they would necessarily have but a small voice. Moreover, it must be confessed that any scheme having for its object the welding together of a number of Crown Colonies with a self-governing Dependency would be fraught with infinite difficulty. To grant a suffrage, similar to that enjoyed by the people

of Canada, to the inhabitants of the West Indies would be to hand the white population over to the none too tender mercies of the negroes and the colored people—an act which, as all must admit, would make capital insecure and would immensely aggravate the existing unsatisfactory condition of the islands. Yet, if the franchise were not to be granted, the West Indies would have to continue to occupy their present status of Crown Colonies, with this difference, that they would be ruled, not by the Ministers of the Crown, but by the democratic Parliament of the Dominion which is swayed by majorities elected by Canadians whose votes would altogether swamp those of the West Indian electors. It is perhaps hardly necessary to reiterate that this, from the point of view of the West Indies, would create not only a humiliating, but an absolutely impossible position. Why, too, it may pertinently be asked, go out of your way to create such a situation when so simple a device as a treaty of commercial reciprocity will effect all of good that can be expected of a scheme of amalgamation? Once again, therefore, "Federation," as a sovereign cure for the ills of the West Indies, is seen to disappoint anticipation even before it has been attempted. The fact is, that in no form in which it has been so far put forward does it hold out any reasonable prospect of effecting those radical alterations in existing economic conditions which alone can work the salvation of the West Indian Colonies.

What, then, is the nature of the "something" which all are agreed ought to be done? Imperial grants and the like have proved to be only pills to cure an earthquake; schemes of federation have been shown, we think, to be no more likely to effect permanent improvement. The Colonies, therefore, must either be accepted as flaws upon the prosperity of the Empire, and as

such must be suffered to decay uncleanly, as much out of sight and thought as possible, or some new and radical policy must be adopted with a view to their ultimate salvation. Violent ills call for violent remedies, and it is time that the people of Great Britain began to face the unpleasant fact that the West Indies cannot hope to see their ancient prosperity restored to them so long as they continue to be part and parcel of the British Empire. This, we are aware, is a hard saying, but we are none the less convinced of its essential truth. The question from first to last is purely one of economics. Cane sugar cannot compete with beet upon equal terms; beet sugar supplies the whole of the Continent of Europe and much of the British and some other markets; British-grown cane sugar has to accept the leavings. Yet all this while the greatest sugar market in the world is open against the very doors of the West Indian factories, but British-grown sugar has to make its way into the American marts over a five-barred gate of tariff Acts, which is flung wide to the produce of Cuba and Porto Rico. The produce of the fruit industry, which is the crutch upon which Jamaica, at any rate, is at present leaning almost her whole weight, is for the moment exempt from duty on importation into the United States, but this freedom from taxation, which is a condition precedent to the very existence of the industry, is dependent upon the caprice of Congress, and a clause in a tariff Act may at any future time bring ruin to fruit of a character more complete than that which has come upon sugar. It is significant that the best security of the Jamaican fruit industry is found to-day in the fact that it owes much of its more recent development to American capital. The only permanent cure for this state of things is the negotiation of a commercial treaty of reciprocity between the

West Indies and the United States, which, however, would be liable to be repudiated by the latter, and would from the first be so one-sided a bargain in favor of the Colonies that it is doubtful whether any really satisfactory arrangement could be concluded. Failing this, the only alternative lies in the cession of the islands to the American people.

It is in no spirit of "Little Englandism" that we advocate this latter course. We write, on the contrary, from the point of view of the convinced Imperialist, and it is because we believe it to be the duty of the Mother Country to take count of the necessities of her children, and because we conceive it to be proved that Great Britain cannot assure the prosperity of the islands by retaining them in her possession, that we suggest that she is under an obligation to make any and every sacrifice that may be required of her for the better accomplishment of that end. The idea of cession, we are aware, will be found to be intensely repugnant at the first glance to most English readers; it will find some bitter opponents in the West Indies; in Canada, where the economic distresses of the Colonies are something that can be suffered without personal inconvenience, it will arouse universal disapproval. We admit, moreover, that it is new and that it runs counter to British tradition; but it must be remembered that novelty is not in itself a conclusive proof of worthlessness, and that every precedent, no matter how ancient, must once upon a time have had its beginning in originality—that very originality which Englishmen are ever inclined to regard with such an ingenuous suspicion. We plead, therefore, for a patient hearing, and ask that the idea now set forth should not be dismissed as unworthy of consideration until there has been applied to it the test of careful examination.

It is not, of course, to be supposed that the cession of the West Indian Colonies could with propriety be made by Great Britain to America without any *quid pro quo*, and the suggestion which the present writer takes leave to make is that the Philippines should be ceded to the British Empire in exchange. If it can really be shown that any of the parties concerned in the suggested transaction would suffer thereby in prestige, in pocket, in moral, or in material well-being, let the idea be banished as an empty thing and vain. If it can, on the contrary, be shown that Great Britain and the United States, the West Indies and the Philippines would one and all be distinct gainers by the arrangement, then, beyond question, the suggestion is one which it behooves men to weigh with the most anxious care ere they venture to declare it to lie without the range of practical politics.

Let us, then, trace in broad outline precisely how each of these Powers and Dependencies would be affected were the policy here advocated to be pursued.

Let us take first the case of Great Britain. In all her immense Empire the West Indies constitute, beyond all comparison, her weakest spot—a veritable heel of Achilles. A recognition of this fact inspired the much-criticized decision of the late Government to withdraw the white troops that had hitherto garrisoned certain islands in the West Indies, and simultaneously to discontinue the practice of keeping a fleet in West Indian waters. Although—more especially since the absence of British warships in the neighborhood of Kingston at the time of the recent disaster inflicted a wound upon what Englishmen in England take for their national pride—this policy of evacuation has been fiercely decried and vehemently assailed, it cannot be denied that, from a strategical point of view, it is obvi-

ously sound. Great Britain and the United States are happily for the moment on terms of ostensibly close friendship, and while this lasts, the presence of an armed force in the West Indies is, of course, unnecessary. An attack upon the islands is only to be apprehended from the United States; for were war to break out between Great Britain and any other European Power, it is certain that America would decline to allow the strife to be imported into the Western Hemisphere, even if any hostile fleet were to be found willing to risk a passage of the Atlantic in war time for the sake of the insignificant prizes which would crown so desperate an enterprise. On the other hand, if the pleasant pastime of "twisting the lion's tail" (which, when all is said and done, is an amusement of quite recent memory), were to be revived in sober earnest, the West Indian Colonies of Great Britain would fall into the hands of the United States before the war had endured for a week, nor could the catastrophe be stayed by such handfuls of white troops as England has been accustomed to keep in a few of these islands, nor by the sort of fleet which she can afford permanently to maintain upon the distant and comparatively unimportant West Indian station. Strategically, therefore, there is not a word to be said for the old and now abandoned practice, and to the argument that white troops are required locally to maintain law and order the retort must be made—that that is the duty of the Governments of the islands themselves, and that it forms no part of the regular functions of a military garrison. By the transfer of the West Indies to America, therefore, Great Britain would be relieved once and for all of her weakest spot—of dependencies which, in event of war with the United States, would prove to be impossible of defence and would be wrested from

her during the opening days of the conflict, and which, in time of peace, have made heavy and frequent charges upon her purse, and have been and are a permanent blemish upon the boasted prosperity of the Empire.

By the acquisition of the Philippines, on the contrary, she would be materially strengthened. She, who is primarily an Asiatic rather than an European Power, would add to her already immense Empire in the East a long string of islands flanking the greater part of south-eastern Asia and connecting Hong-Kong with Borneo and the Straits Settlements. The long chain of her possessions from Aden eastward would thus be complete, lacking no single link, and her strategical and commercial position would thereby be greatly improved. Moreover, the Philippines themselves are a raw, new land, awaiting settlement and development; their people are Orientals of a type which Englishmen have proved themselves able to administer with marked success. There is hardly room for doubt that, if taken in hand by Great Britain as an addition to the number of her Crown Colonies, the Philippines would speedily develop into a typical Anglo-Asiatic dependency. Men of the required character and ability could be procured in plenty, as they cannot be procured in America, to perform the work of administration in return for salaries such as the finances of the Archipelago justified; men of long and intimate experience of the government of Asiatics—once more a class of men which the United States has not got at its disposal—could without difficulty be selected to fill the higher posts in the new colonial Government; and the Filipino, relieved from the operation of the curious experiments to which of late years he has been subjected, would be assured a truer and more real freedom than the vague and unfulfilled promises of Mr. Taft could ever secure to

him, and a measure of material prosperity to which for many years he has now been utterly a stranger. Englishmen would bring to the task of developing the islands a large experience, a freedom from the extravagance which characterizes and the fads which bid fair to ruin the American administration, while Great Britain would not be tempted, as Congress has been tempted, to adopt a selfish, and, to the Philippines, a murderous commercial policy. England, too, it is probable, unlike America, would not find it necessary to employ in the Archipelago three times as many European officials as she now deems requisite for the administration of British India. Similarly, Great Britain would realize, as the Americans cannot or will not realize, that if the Filipino is to be enabled to lead the life for which Nature has fitted him and for which he longs, he must be suffered to be a drone in the hive, and that the bankruptcy which his indolence would bring about can easily be averted by the free immigration of Chinese, the most thrifty and industrious of working-bees. That single measure—a measure, be it noted, which the United States dare not adopt—would do more to open up the undeveloped resources of the Archipelago and to bring peace, happiness, and contentment to the Filipinos than all the schemes for education and representative government which have been hatched out of the generous folly, the unwise enthusiasm, and the benevolent ignorance of the American sentimentalists. Therefore, where Great Britain would gain, the Philippines also would be the gainers, and upon neither the one nor the other can the suggested transfer be seen to inflict the smallest injury.

Let us take next the case of the United States. Here, too, there is to be found a heel of Achilles—in this instance the Philippines themselves. Until the fate-

ful day upon which the battle of Manila Bay was fought and won no small part of the invulnerability of the American people lay in their splendid isolation and gigantic compactness. These things were forfeited when the care of the Philippines was added to American responsibilities, and there is no sign that the United States is likely to be compensated for the loss by the success of those curious administrative experiments to which reference has already been made. Nor, looking forward with such prophetic vision as is given to mere man, does there appear to be the slightest reason to imagine that she ever will be compensated. The United States being, unlike Great Britain, by no means an over-populated country, there exists no sufficient inducement to the better type of American to seek his fortune abroad when he can do so with less discomfort and with larger chances of success without quitting the Union. Those Americans who can be lured to the Philippines—with the exception, of course, of a few of the higher administrators—are not of a kind calculated to wield great personal influence over a sensitive Oriental people in a land where personal influence is the beginning and the end of all good government; yet even these men require to be paid salaries far in excess of what the revenue of the country can properly afford. The natural result is that, while the islands are administered with very ill-success, the cost of this administration exceeds, not only the gross revenue, but the value of the gross *exports* of the Archipelago! In a word, the position, already ridiculous, is rapidly becoming impossible, and it may be surmised that the time is not far distant when the American people will be thankful to make use of any expedient that may serve to rid them of the Philippines without loss of honor and without the infliction of any wound upon the national pride. Such

a royal road would surely be offered to them by the suggested exchange of the Philippines for the British West Indies, a bargain which would also have the advantage of restoring to the United States that precious isolation and consolidation of which for a space it has, as one might say, almost accidentally, been robbed.

But, it may perhaps be objected, if the West Indies have proved to be Colonies which the British Empire has found it impossible to make prosperous, why should the United States care to accept the charge of such highly undesirable possessions? Is it not due to her wisdom to prophesy that she would not have them even as a gift? The reply to these questions has, in a sense, already been given in the foregoing pages. The present unsatisfactory position of the islands is due, solely and entirely, to economic conditions, which in their turn are caused by the partial exclusion of their produce from the immense, natural market offered by the United States. Let the barrier of hostile tariff now closing that market be removed, and there will straightway return to the West Indies a measure of prosperity well-nigh as great as that which they of old enjoyed. At the moment of transfer the United States, it is admitted, would take over a number of islands whose condition is one of depression and financial difficulty; but the inclusion of these islands as new States added to the Union, and enjoying the commercial privileges of the other North American States, would automatically remedy the ills from which the West Indies now suffer by removing those very commercial disabilities which are the cause of those ills. In other words, America would assume responsibility for colonies which geographically are American, which Great Britain is powerless to make prosperous, but which the United States could easily and speedily raise

to a high level of material prosperity. Great Britain, so long as she continues to hold the West Indies without being able to relieve their distresses, occupies the hardly respectable position of the dog-in-the-manger; by transferring them to the United States she gives them into the keeping of the only Great Power that can really put them to a worthy use.

From the administrative point of view, moreover, the transfer of the Colonies to the United States would not be open to the objections that must be urged against amalgamation with Canada. No attempt, it is probable, would be made by America to treat the West Indian islands as a single entity. It would be recognized that the interests of the Colonies are individual, not collective, and the West Indies would be converted into a number of States, each one of which would possess large autonomous powers for the management of its own affairs. Such a state of things could not possibly be the result of amalgamation with Canada, but if it were to come into being under the Dominion Government, the white population in the West Indies would have very little to hope from Canadian support. It is necessary to have personal experience of the color question in order to deal with that difficult problem in a practical manner, and the Dominion, happily for herself, has no such experience. The people of the United States, on the other hand, have already a very big color question of their own, and the possession of the West Indies would import no new and troublesome factor, in this respect, into their home polities. The question, moreover, is one which is more perfectly understood in the United States than in any other country in the world, and while it is safe to aver that Great Britain will never attempt to deal with it in the West Indies, it is obvious to all students of sociology that the time is fast

approaching when the American people will find thrust upon them the necessity of making with it such issue as they may on their own account. Socially as well as commercially, therefore, the West Indies have more to hope for from the United States, if they be incorporated in the Union, than they can justly expect to obtain from Great Britain so long as they remain portions of the Empire.

Against all these practical considerations there is only one objection to be opposed—sentiment: sentiment in Great Britain and sentiment in the West Indies. Sentiment in the West Indies, with the possible exception of Barbados, would probably be salved by more material considerations of advantage. The breeches-pocket is nowadays, it is perhaps not too cynical to aver, the seat of the affections more surely than the heart; and when transfer to America brought with it immense economic blessings, these things would be found to hold enough of consolation for even the most devoted British subject. In Great Britain, and still more in Canada, the feeling would, in all probability, be deeper; but this country has to realize that she is first and foremost a great Asiatic Power, and when the consolidation of her dominions in the East demands some sacrifice of mere sentiment, sentiment ought to be suffered to go to the wall. The most serious obstacle of all would be met with in the adverse opinion that would be excited in the great self-governing Colonies, whose inhabitants, ignorant of or indifferent to the circumstances governing this specific case, would be indignant at the notion of a British dependency being transferred in the proposed manner to any foreign Power. A careful explanation of the position, however, would probably bring enlightenment, and with enlight-

enment conviction, even here. The proposition can be stated in a very few words. Here are two great Powers between whom friendly relations subsist. Each of these Powers has in its possession certain overseas dependencies which, owing to unalterable but adverse conditions, it is unable to develop in a sufficient and satisfactory manner. Each Power, however, could do justice to the possession of its neighbor were the chance afforded to it, but until an exchange has been effected the dependencies of both must continue to suffer from ills which no generosity, no amount of good intention, no self-sacrifice upon the part of their present owners can possibly remedy.

As a purely business proposition an exchange of these possessions presents itself as the obvious, the only, course open to adoption; but it appears to us that the question must be judged upon grounds higher than mere business considerations. It is, we conceive, the duty of a Mother Country to hold her Colonies only so long as she can do so to the advantage of those Colonies themselves. When the period of her usefulness ends, there ends also her right to hold these possessions: her *raison d'être* has vanished, and it is time for her to withdraw. This principle is now conceded unreservedly by Great Britain in all her relations with her great self-governing Dependencies. It cannot be limited in its application to them. It must be seen to operate with equal force in the case of Colonies that do not enjoy autonomy; and if this be admitted it will be seen that the duty of the United States to the Philippines, no less than the duty of Great Britain to the West Indies, lies in effecting the exchange which it has been the object of this paper to advocate on the grounds of moral, political, and commercial necessity.

SUNDAY.

The question of Sunday observance is not a question of policy merely or of expediency. It is not a question between high or low, young or old, rich or poor. It is not a question between High Churchmen and Low Churchmen, or between the clergy and the laity. It is not—a special subject for thankfulness in these days—a question even between Churchmen and Nonconformists, or between the English and the Roman Church. It affects, indeed, each and all of these, but it is something more. It bears on the well-being in the highest sense of the word—physical, moral, intellectual, spiritual—of every man, woman, and child in the country. It is, in short, a question of humanity, of human nature in its approaches to the divine.

Man is born to labor, but he cannot and ought not to be condemned to labor, even at tasks which are purely material or mechanical, without definite periods of intermission. Rest within limits is a condition of all fruitful labor; we rest that we may labor; we labor that we may rest. The institution of a day of rest—be it the seventh, or the first, or any other day of the week—was, as it seems to me, not the least divine part of the Decalogue. It well deserved to form a part of the primitive code of law and of morality given by God to man; and, coming in the precise place where it does, between the Commandments which bear more directly on man's duty to God and those which bear more directly on his duty to his neighbor, it seems to serve as a bridge or connecting-link between the two, and to exercise a permeating, mellowing influence on all the rest, making service to seem easy and fusing obedience into love.

Now, it is this divine institution, in

its Christian shape and on its strictly religious side, intended to give time to man to develop his higher, that is his spiritual, nature—and the spirit, it is to be remembered, develops best not in turmoil, but in quiet—to give him time to take stock of his position, looking before and after, and thinking of the past and of the future as well as of the ever-importunate present; to repent of what is wrong in the one and to form good resolutions for the other; to raise his soul from the creature towards the Creator; to enable him to study His words and His works at greater leisure and in more complete quiet than is possible at other times; to join with others, during some set portion of the day, in worshipping in the house of prayer and praise, and so to gain the strength which comes from a common purpose and from the contagion of numbers; to read the best books of the best men; to cherish and keep alive all the sanctities and charities of home—this is the institution, I say, which, with all its incalculable benefits, material as well as spiritual, is now being seriously threatened, as it has seldom been threatened before, not so much, I think, of deliberate purpose or of any *malice prepense*, as by the toil and moil, the no-stint, no-stay of our modern life, by the growth of luxury, of ostentation, and of self-indulgence, by the facilities of locomotion and the weakening of the ties of home, but most of all, I think, by the rage, the inordinate rage, for amusement and excitement of every kind. Not without reason did the fourth Commandment, alone of all the others, begin with the solemn word "Remember," as though, in the lapse of time and in the progress of civilization, it was specially liable to be forgotten. And well too might

the originators of the "National Sunday Observance Movement," founded only two years ago, have prefaced the statement of its objects with the almost equally solemn words, the refrain of the "Recessional," "Lest we forget, lest we forget." Lest we forget, that is, all the benefits, individual, social, and national, that attend upon the due observance, and all the evils that are likely to follow the abridgment or the abrogation of the day of rest and worship.

The English people and the English Church, taking them as a whole, have, in spite of occasional lapses and reactions, held fast, I think, to the *via media*, the golden mean between the more Pharisaical and the more Puritanical views of the nature and obligations of the Sabbath on the one hand, and those which predominate in large portions, more especially the Roman Catholic portions, of the Continent on the other; the Pharisaical views, I mean, which, forgetting that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath, forbidding works of necessity and even of mercy upon it, and laying on men's backs by their frivolous and vexatious legalities a burden too heavy to be borne, were so emphatically condemned by our Lord; the Puritanical views, more sincere, doubtless, and therefore more to be respected, but hardly more far-sighted or better suited to human nature in its infinite diversities, which were enforced on the country, in all their sour and sombre aspects, under the Puritan rule, and which have prevailed, till very recently, in Scotland.

The Puritans, if they laid to heart the first part of the verse, "This is the day that the Lord hath made," forgot or seemed to forget the second part, which is the corollary to it, "We will rejoice and be glad in it." Sunday was with them a day not so much of religious gladness as of religious gloom,

especially for the young—those whom it is all-important that religion should attract rather than repel. It was a day when long and rather dreary services at church were followed up almost immediately by equally long and dreary services at home. It was a day of prohibitions and restrictions, when anything like recreation, even Sunday toys—the irreproachable Noah's ark among them — were rigidly forbidden, and, what was more ill-judging and objectionable still, when heaven itself was represented as little else than as a prolongation, a prolongation to all eternity, of such gloomy days on earth; a place

Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths never end!

What wonder if child nature, and the natures of many who were not children, recoiled from such a prospect, and that a young boy, when asked insinuatingly by a religious relative which day of the week he preferred, replied without hesitation, "Monday, much." "Why so?" asked the disappointed inquirer. "Because it is furthest from Sunday."

What the character of the "Continental" Sunday is like is well known to all who have travelled much on the Continent. If a man goes to early morning Mass he is apt to think he has done all that can be expected of him; that he has a right to treat all the day afterwards exactly like any other day—to amuse himself exactly as he likes, to mix in the same big crowds, to indulge in the same festivities or frivolities, and to ignore the responsibility which he ought to feel for the spiritual rest and well-being of all that are in any way dependent on him. He forgets that he may be starving his own soul and theirs alike in the process.

Now the English people, I repeat it, have hitherto managed to steer happily between these two extremes, and an

atmosphere of worship tempered only by quiet and rational recreation—and recreation, let us remember, means little else than the recreating of the energies, physical and spiritual, of poor tired human nature—has seemed to brood over town and country alike. In the towns, the sound of the church-going bell has been pretty well the only sound; the sight of long lines of worshippers making their way, often family by family, to church, has been pretty well the only sight which has broken—if, indeed, it has not seemed rather to deepen, to intensify and to consecrate—the general sense of sacred rest. While, as for the country, who has not noticed, as he went out for a walk on Sunday, the sense of a beauty which seems more beautiful, of a restfulness which seems still more restful, of a silence which seems still more sacred, from the mere fact that it is the “Lord’s Day”? The lower animals seem to share the holiday, the Holiday, I would rather call it, with man; and inanimate nature itself seems to harmonize with them and respond to their appeal. The hard-worked horses, tired out with dragging the plough or the loaded wain, have been turned out for their “week-end”—a “week-end” how much better deserved and how much better spent than the week-end of the jostling, and yet jaded and never satisfied, pleasure-seekers of the metropolis. See how they luxuriate in their God-given freedom, in the food which seems to come more directly from God’s hand when they crop it from the pasture for themselves; in the rest which seems to come straight from Him who Himself rested on the Sabbath day and hallowed it. The sheep and cattle wander at will over the green fields, not driven along the dusty roads to the market or the shambles. The shambles have ceased, for the day, their gruesome business. The very birds—I have noticed it all my

life—seem tamer, blither, and are more easily approached, as though they were half conscious that during the Truce of God they were safe from the hand of man. The whole earth seems, for the time, to a heart that is attuned to it by communion with God, either in public, or in private, to be smiling with its sweetest smile, and to have become what Shakespeare, in an enthusiastic burst of patriotism, declared it to be, “a second Eden, a demi-paradise.”

But, during the last few years, everybody feels that a change has come over the spirit of the scene—ask any one who has been out of the country for some twenty years—especially in the neighborhood of the large towns; and symptoms have appeared which, if they are allowed to go on unchecked, threaten to deprive the day of half its repose and of more than half its spiritual value. Peace, holy peace, the gift of Heaven, the “central feeling of all happiness,” as Wordsworth truly describes it, seems to have well-nigh disappeared. “What did you do on Sundays?” asked a mother of her little boy, who had been staying away for some weeks at a friend’s house. The boy thought for a time, and then said, “I don’t think there were any Sundays there.” It is the so-called upper classes, or a portion of them, who are most to blame for this. It is the richer, the more luxurious, the more educated, the more leisured classes—those who have little to do except to amuse themselves during the other six days of the week, who are the first to demand new forms of amusement or excitement for the seventh. And, with this end in view, they lull their consciences to sleep, they trample roughly on the consciences of others, and do their best to disturb and to destroy one of the most precious gifts of God to man. Huge entertainments, luncheons and dinner-parties, and, most demoralizing of all,

bridge-parties, go on in many of the biggest houses. The peaceful Thames and its beautiful banks are, for many miles up the stream, converted into a Vanity Fair, and look like one huge picnic-party. Servants and dependents of all classes, boatmen, cab-drivers, caterers for refreshment, have to work double tides. What does it matter about their souls? "I wish," said a lady, with possibly a qualm of conscience, the other day, "that I could get a cook without a soul." She only gave utterance to a pious wish for that which many of the richer masters and mistresses treat as if it were an acknowledged fact, while they work their servants throughout the Sunday as if they had not a soul among them. A well-known London clergyman, the rector of a large parish in Lambeth, remarked in my hearing the other day that the peace of his parish had been destroyed on every Sunday from almost the dawn to almost the end of the long summer's day, by the endless succession of cabs, laden with hampers, passing through it towards the river side—while one of his parishioners, a well-disposed cabman whom he was visiting on his death-bed, said to him pathetically, "You know, sir, I never had my Sundays." Motor-cars—which are, it is to be remembered, still the exclusive luxury of the well-to-do—hurry wildly, one after another, in endless procession for ten, twenty, thirty miles along every road out of London, as if "death were before and destruction in their rear"—which indeed they often are—braying their horrible discords, spreading their nauseous odors, and raising clouds of stifling dust, which deprive earth of its beauty and the skies themselves of their purity and their repose. A rush of motors is a contradiction in terms of all Sunday rest. It needs an Elijah or a John the Baptist, a Savonarola or a John Knox, to arouse such people to the thought-

lessness, the purposelessness of what they are doing, and recall them to their better selves.

And the example of the wealthier classes is being followed, only too faithfully and too naturally, and with far more excuse, by those who come below them in the social scale. It would be as absurd as it would be unjust to deny that their case presents much greater difficulties than the case of those whom I have described. It bristles with them. Men and women who are at work all the week till Saturday at noon, and many of them in rooms which have little light, little air, no comfort, and no beauty, naturally desire to get as much light, as much air, as much comfort, and as much beauty as can well be packed into the all too short hours of the Sunday. The craving to "get out of London" at almost any price by such people as small shopkeepers, shop assistants, clerks of all descriptions, is not only natural—it is worthy of all sympathy, and should be best of all understood by those who love the country and who live in it themselves. Increased facilities of locomotion of every kind make that possible and easy which would have been hardly possible fifty years ago. And those who are most earnest for the due observance of the Sunday, and who are almost the only class who never get a Sunday's rest themselves, the heroically-working clergy of London and of other large towns, are the first to admit the difficulties of the case and the impossibility of laying down any hard and fast rule about it. Nevertheless, the fact remains that such people hardly ever go to any place of worship. There is a great increase of Sunday trading and Sunday travelling. Golf-links and tennis-grounds are thrown open more and more to play; football matches take place around many of the large towns, though the general half-holiday on Saturday among the

working classes has taken away from them much of the excuse that they are precluded from these and similar excitements throughout the week. Public-houses are thrown open whenever the law allows, and drive a brisk trade; and with them often comes, in the larger towns, the devil's own crop of drinking, betting, gambling, ribald or indecent mirth. If the name of God is often heard among them, it is in anything but prayer or praise. The things of the mind, the things of the heart, the things of the soul are nowhere. This life is lived as if it were the only life, and the Sabbath which was made for God by man is turned by man himself, in cruel tragedy, into an instrument of his own degradation.

Happily, these things have not spread much as yet into the remoter country districts. There is much in them as yet of the worship and the rest of the old English Sunday, but unless some check can be found for the mischief, it will soon reach even them. A disease which is spreading from many centres is bound soon to become confluent; and if to all the evils of secular education on the week-days—which many tell us is now inevitable, and are doing their best to make it so—there is to be super-added the gradual secularization of the Sunday, England, in all that constitutes the higher, the spiritual life, will be in a bad way.

But there are special grounds of hope. France has awakened lately to the absolute necessity, for physical and moral reasons, of a day of rest, and is legislating to secure it; and the English, who are at bottom a profoundly serious and religious people, will, it is to be hoped, when their eyes are fully opened to the danger which has crept in, awake to the inestimable value of the old English Sunday as a day of worship as well as of rest and quiet recreation. There is no opposition between

the two. They fall in naturally with each other, for rest does not mean idleness or loafing. There is nothing in the world which is so unrestful as doing nothing. Rest means change of occupation, which in itself, is rest; and the Sunday's rest means, with serious-minded people, change of occupation from the lower to the higher, from the necessary to the voluntary, from the things of earth to the things of heaven, or at least to things which point heavenward. It is much what the Greeks called *oχόλη*, "leisure," a leisure, that is, for calm thought, for self-improvement, for acts of courtesy and kindness to others; a something without which the Greek philosophers, who differed from one another in many things, agreed in thinking that any noble life was impossible, and that life itself was hardly worth having. The study and the enjoyment on Sunday afternoons of the beautiful and the spiritual in works of art, whether poetry, painting, sculpture, or music, which is now made possible at the cost of little labor to others, for the inhabitants of many of our largest towns who are hard at work throughout the week, the enjoyment, nay, the revelling, in the beauties of the country—the flowers, the trees, the birds, the purling streams, the shadows of the passing clouds, the gorgeous pageantries of sunrise and sunset which are open to all who are not immured in the very biggest towns—are helps, not hindrances to the life of the soul, and lift it, directly or indirectly, to Him who is the cause and the crown, the sum and the substance of all harmony, all beauty, all goodness, and all truth.

These are Thy glorious works, Parent
of Good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how won-
drous then!

The movement in England for a better observance of Sunday, which was started, a year or two ago, by a handful of earnest laymen, has been followed up by the "message to the people of England," issued by the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the President of the Council of the Free Churches, and by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster—the most authoritative representatives, that is, of all that is religious in the country—and has met

The National Review.

with a very general and very hearty response. Hundreds of meetings have been held, and thousands of sermons have been preached, within the last few weeks, with this end in view; and, since God always helps those who help themselves, it is with a not ill-founded hope that we may join in the prayer of the patriotic poet,

O God of Hosts! be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

R. Bosworth Smith.

THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Why, Agatha, I could really do quite as well. Have you got house-keeping on your mind, dear,—or house-boat-keeping? My sleeve's all wet too," protested Cicely.

The three girls had taken the boat. Doris was at the sculls, and the elder Miss Neave had firmly possessed herself of the rudder-lines. Cicely, all too trustful, had leant comfortably back beside her sister, letting one arm hang over so that she might feel the water slip between her fingers and occasionally capture a lily-leaf in triumph. Agatha was sitting upright and business-like, handling the lines with the air of the truly efficient, but apparently her thoughts had wandered, for they ran into the bank with a sudden completeness that surpassed even Cicely's performances when steering.

"I'm afraid I was thinking of something else," Agatha confessed, banishing meditation with decision.

"Or somebody else?" insinuated Cicely softly. She held up her arm reproachfully, pulled her sleeve back to the elbow and watched the water trickle from her finger-tips while she made a little graceful pretence of shivering. Then she opened her eyes wide with an air of innocence as she en-

quired, "If I get a very bad chill do you think he'll prescribe for me?"

Agatha jerked the lines, hoping that Doris would take the hint and row on.

But Miss Yonge was gazing dreamily across the fields, possibly in the direction of King Charles's oak.

"I'm sure I could manage quite a bad chill," pursued Cicely, "and then you could nurse me and he could come every day, and everything would be quite nice and proper. No, you mustn't be angry, dear." This advice was a trifle tardy as the adviser perceived. "I didn't mean to be a tease," she continued contritely. "I thought you found him rather in the way, always at the shop. No, I know you didn't, and I am your sister, aren't I?" she concluded, artlessly massacring grammar while she settled herself more comfortably in her share of the cushions (all but one) and picked out her ripest greengage as a peace-offering.

Agatha looked down at her, half appeased. "What mischief are you planning now?" she enquired, reviewing previous experience which led her to distrust Cicely in her guileless rôle. But Cicely's sympathetic look would have extracted a State secret from a Cabinet

Minister, and was not wholly lost even on a sister. Agatha accepted the greengage and put it carefully in her lap, the unripest side down. She looked at Doris, and saw that she was still abstracted.

Cicely took Agatha's nearest hand and patted it affectionately while she said in coaxing tones, "Did he come to-day?"

"How cold your hand is, child," conceded Agatha.

The younger Miss Neave nodded. "Every day?" Agatha was silent, a sufficient reply. "I'm so glad," said Cicely. "Do you always talk about house-keeping?"

"He comes to the shop," was the rejoinder.

"Not only to shop?" Cicely suggested.

"He doesn't know much about it," said Agatha.

"So you have to teach him,—what fun!" Cicely permitted herself a little laugh. "And he doesn't try to teach you anything?"

"Certainly not," Agatha declared decisively.

"I think he must be a very clever doctor," said Cicely, after a brief survey of her sister's satisfied expression.

"His father is; he's a knight," replied Agatha; "and I think he must be too: he's picked up quite a lot about how to cater."

Cicely smiled. Her last remark had not been fully appreciated, but that did not trouble her. She was reflecting on the fitness of things, for she knew that she would never have taught anybody anything, and that Talbot would have defied any feminine instruction she more than suspected.

"What would Aunt Charlotte say?" propounded Cicely after a short pause.

Doris looked up suddenly with a slightly embarrassed air.

"I wasn't talking about you, dear," said Cicely, who correctly interpreted her friend's little start of apprehen-

sion; "but I think you might tell us sometimes. It's not fair of you two at all; I never see either of you in the mornings now."

"That's not our fault," retorted Agatha, rather glad of an opportunity. "If you made yourself useful,—and you can do that when you like—instead of going off goodness knows where and fishing——"

"You wouldn't be giving house-keeping lessons, and I might be shopping instead?" interrupted Cicely, taking the offensive in a manner worthy of her strategical ancestry. "But I don't mind. I'll go to the shop to-morrow, and you can fish for Uncle Henry's dinner instead." She clapped her hands as the full deliciousness of the exchange struck her. "Do, do!" she pleaded. "I'd give anything,"—Cicely's little hands in an expansive gesture gracefully indicated the universe—"just to see his face."

"I sha'n't allow you to do anything of the kind," Agatha decreed; "you're not to be trusted."

"I'll only talk about house-boat-keeping," protested Cicely, who had not been thinking of Majendie's face at all. "I really will. I'll take Aunt Charlotte's book of recipes, and teach him to make entrées with tomatoes and vinegar and whipped cream,—from *the* cow, too; then he could think of you all the time he was eating them. Would it cost very much to buy the cow? We might take it back to Bel Alp until he gets a big practice and——"

"Cicely, don't talk nonsense," was the rebuke.

"Oh dear, then I'd better not talk at all," sighed she in modest self-depreciation. She dropped her head, perhaps to hide a smile called up by the thought of the perch-hole, very erect, with a still more erect fishing-rod, surprised by the very correctly attired angler,—it made an irresistible picture. "I sup-

pose I may be trusted with the fish?" she demurely enquired.

Agatha did not deign to reply; but Doris intervened. "You must let me come with you one day, Cicely dear; only I shouldn't like to see you putting things on hooks. How do you do it?"

"Oh, it has to be done," Cicely answered with a determined air. "They do wriggle though"; she dipped her fingers in the water at the mere idea, and again resorted to the offensive,—in the strategic sense. "But you're still sketching King Charles's oak, aren't you, dear?"

"It's rather a difficult subject," Doris agreed.

"Why don't you make him climb up and sit for King Charles?" pursued Cicely, still bent on mischief. "He's very nice-looking, isn't he?" she added by way of excuse.

"I don't think I could do that," said Doris in a reproving tone.

"I'm sure he'd do it if you asked him. And it wouldn't matter about the costume because the leaves would hide all that, of course. Then you could keep it always, like the cow."

Two pairs of eyes, one indignant, one reproachful, compelled apologies, but if Doris was appeased, the elder Miss Neave most certainly was not. "I suppose it would amuse you to make a man ridiculous?" she said very severely.

Cicely blushed slightly. She was thinking of the correct angler and his notable neatness of costume. "No," she said at last, "I don't think that's very kind of you, Agatha. I wouldn't do that, not if he was a nice man. But if he made himself just a little,—a very little—wouldn't you rather like that? Suppose he had wanted to climb up the tree himself," she triumphantly concluded.

"But then he couldn't help me with the sketch," objected Doris.

"Of course not, dear; I quite see,"

agreed Cicely, who saw remarkably well.

"You shouldn't talk about what you don't understand," put in Agatha, still wrathful.

"House-boat-keeping?" was on the tip of Cicely's tongue, but she suppressed it with a noble effort and looked at her reflection in the water for due appreciation. "I didn't mean it, you know I didn't, Agatha," she pleaded pathetically; "I shouldn't like any doctor to be ridiculous. I'm sure he never could be. And schoolmasters never are, are they?"

Peace was concluded and followed by a moment of silence, during which Cicely was again tempted by the spirit of confidence. But she remembered her tacit pact with her angler; they were not to betray each other. Besides, if Majendie and the Admiral were to discover, it would be Talbot's turn to appear ridiculous. He would be very angry too,—not that she was afraid of that, of course, she assured herself—but if he was to be a little, just a very little—well, absurd, he must not be that to anybody else but herself. This point settled, she could resume operations.

"Now, I'm going to be very good," she announced, "because you know you'll want somebody to help you. We sha'n't always be here, shall we?"

The others sighed a melancholy assent in their respective keys.

"And Aunt Charlotte,—she isn't always sympathetic, is she, especially about house-boats?" continued Cicely. "But she will be if we manage it properly,—when she's talked to Uncle Henry a bit. Does Mr. Crichton know Uncle Henry?" She turned to Doris.

"Oh yes, and he knows my brother too," said Miss Yonge readily.

"Then you're all right," observed Cicely. Doris looked at her as if she did not quite understand. "I mean, when he wants to give you sketching-

lessons, he can call on your brother. There won't be any difficulty at all": Cicely sighed, underrating the Admiral's possibilities in guile. She dismissed Doris from her calculations; the affair appeared prosaic.

"I shouldn't have liked it if he hadn't," said Doris.

Cicely selected another ripe green-gage. "First prize for good conduct," she smiled, presenting it to her friend. "First prize for,—no, second for good conduct," she amended, handing another to Agatha. She consumed a third deliberately, with no spoken judgment.

"Mr. Majendle knows Uncle Henry, of course," Agatha stated loftily.

"How long?" enquired Cicely. Agatha was not prepared to be exact. "It's rather a pity." Cicely saw her possibilities of romance diminishing. She might, it appeared, be left alone in her glory. "Does Uncle Henry know he knows you?" she asked more hopefully.

"I'm sure no one could possibly object to him." Agatha wore an air of proprietorship which pleased Cicely infinitely. She understood her sister, it seemed. "No one who knows you, dear, could possibly imagine such a thing," she agreed dutifully; "but Uncle Henry won't introduce him to Aunt Charlotte, unless it's managed very carefully; and what will you do when we get back to Bel Alp? She won't have any other doctor but that dreadful Mr. McAlister with the Scotch accent,

(*To be continued.*)

Macmillan's Magazine.

MY LORD'S PERQUISITES.

During a ramble in Essex I came upon a pretty little village called St. Osyth, close to Clacton-on-Sea. In the parish church I was informed that the altar-cloth and the cushions of the pulpit were made from the counterpane

who pats you on the head and talks about 'pitten' oot yer bonnie wee tongue,' and says we ought to play 'gowf,' when it's all because they've been trying German cooking. So it's no use being ill, you know,—except down here, of course, as I said. We,—you, I mean, must try Uncle Henry."

Agatha made a movement of irritation. "Aunt Charlotte's prejudiced against the house-boat," she said.

"Are there any other nice men there?" asked Cicely, looking at Doris; but Doris was mute.

"There are five men altogether, if that's what you mean," said Agatha in her elder-sisterly tone.

Cicely held up her hand, looked archly at each in turn, and pulled down two fingers.

"One does the house-keeping, and one goes about with Uncle Henry, and one fishes, and I think is rather surly," said Agatha with a half-smile as the fingers were pulled down in turn.

"Number two sounds best," laughed Cicely; "who is he?"

"His name is Sir Seymour Haddon; he is a baronet," Agatha made answer.

Cicely had heard about a certain "magnificent Charles," otherwise "Haddon," but only now was the full splendor of the seeker after Gladstone bags revealed. She clapped her hands merrily. "That's delightful, dear," she said; "it will be quite all right with Aunt Charlotte."

and the velvet hangings of the bed in which George II. died. How that came to pass makes an interesting story of the soft things of official appointments. In the royal household there is an office called Groom of the Stole, filled by

a peer if the reigning Sovereign is a king, and styled Mistress of the Robes and filled by a noblewoman if the Sovereign is a queen. The office was formerly a political one, its occupancy being changed with every new Government, and the appointment to it was made by the Prime Minister. Its duties are now entirely associated with the ceremonial or etiquette of Court life. There is a salary of five hundred pounds a year attached to the office, and the holder of it at the demise of the Sovereign receives as a perquisite the furniture of the bedchamber in which the king dies. The Groom of the Stole when George II. died was the Earl of Rochford, who had the furniture of the room in which the monarch passed away removed to his residence at St. Osyth, and presented the rich trappings of the bed to the parish church.

The state drawing-room at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, holds the chairs in which William IV. and Queen Adelaide sat when crowned in Westminster Abbey. Coronation chairs are a perquisite of the Lord Great Chamberlain, and that office was filled at the beginning of the reign of William IV. in 1831 by the sixth Duke of Devonshire. Formerly my lord enjoyed other perquisites. On the morning of the day on which a king is to be crowned, and before His Majesty rises, his wearing apparel is carried to his bed-chamber by the Lord Great Chamberlain. For this simple service my lord became the possessor of the king's bed and all the furniture of the bedchamber. In 1831 the Duke of Devonshire was amusingly circumvented and deprived of this perquisite by William IV. By order of the King, the bed and valuable effects of his bedroom were replaced by a suite in plain deal. In recent times this perquisite has been abandoned. The Lord Great Chamberlain also receives forty

ells of crimson velvet for the robes he wears at the Coronation. But his perquisites do not end even there. At the state banquet in the evening, after the Coronation, he serves the king with perfumed water with which to wash his royal hands both before and after the dinner. The basin and the towels go to the Lord Great Chamberlain as his fee.

In a few country houses are to be seen large, cumbersome, and unwieldy chairs with high, carved backs and seats in dark-green leather, which are always objects of curiosity to guests. From these chairs Speakers have guided the deliberations of the Commons in Parliament assembled. Formerly a new chair was supplied to the House of Commons on the meeting of each new Parliament, and the Speaker carried off the old chair as a perquisite. Lord Sidmouth, who, as Henry Addington, was for seven years Speaker of the House of Commons, at the end of the eighteenth century, had two of these seats of authority, one at each side of the fireplace in the drawing-room of White Lodge, Richmond Park, a residence that was given to him by George III. in recognition of his personal devotion to the king. There are as many as five of these chairs at Clandon Park, Surrey, the seat of the Earl of Onslow, whose ancestor, Arthur Onslow, was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1727 to 1761. But if the Speaker has been deprived of this perquisite, he is still in the enjoyment of several valuable gifts over and above his salary of five thousand pounds a year, free of income-tax, his house, "with coal and candle," for nothing, and his retiring pension of four thousand pounds and a peerage. On his election to the Chair of the House of Commons he receives one thousand pounds equipment-money, as it is called, to fit himself out with the wig and robes of his office. He used to be presented also

with two thousand ounces of silver plate to grace his sideboard; but in 1839, on the motion of that rigid economist Joseph Hume, the House of Commons decided that this service of plate, which had previously been the perquisite of the Speaker, should be attached to the office, and be permanently maintained in the dining-room of the Speaker's house. Past Speakers had also to thank a grateful country for allowing them one hundred pounds a year to pay their stationery bills, and an annual allowance of two hogsheads of claret. These also have ceased; but the carcasses of a plump doe in December and a fat buck in July from royal deer-parks are still delivered to Mr. Speaker. Moreover, at Christmas he receives from the Clothworkers' Company of London a present of "four and a half yards of the finest black cloth that the country can produce." The original object of this very ancient custom, which has been in operation for six centuries, was to popularize the wearing of English broadcloth at a time the trade was languishing, by inducing the great personages of the land to wear it. The company spends two hundred and thirty pounds a year in providing such perquisites. The cloth costs thirty shillings a yard, and is specially manufactured by a West of England firm.

Even so exalted a dignitary as the Lord Chancellor does not affect to despise small perquisites, although, as head of the judicial system of the country and Speaker of the House of Lords, he is in receipt of the munificent salary of ten thousand pounds a year, and on appointment receives eighteen hundred and forty-three pounds thirteen shillings equipment-money, and on retiring gets a pension of five thousand pounds. Lord Chancellor Halsbury presided as Lord High Steward at the trial of Earl Russell by his peers for bigamy. The state chair, with its can-

opy and other trappings of rich silk, provided for such trials formerly fell to the Lord High Steward, but on this occasion the perquisite was denied to Lord Halsbury. The general cheers with which an announcement by the First Commissioner of Works to that effect, after the trial of Earl Russell, was received in the House of Commons showed that the abolition of some of these quaint and curious but valuable perquisites which fall to high officials of the State, in addition to fat salaries, would meet with popular approval.

The Lord Chancellor, however, remains in the enjoyment of the annual gift of broadcloth, as well as other perquisites of a more unique character. As Keeper of the Great Seal he retains always in his custody that symbol of sovereignty. It consists of two heavy silver discs, six and a half inches in diameter and close on one inch in depth, and each artistically engraved with an effigy of the Sovereign, hinged together so as to form a sort of mould, from which is obtained in colored wax the impression of the Great Seal, as large and as thick as a muffin, which is attached by a plaited silken cord to all important State documents, such as treaties with foreign Powers, patents of nobility, and the credentials of ambassadors. A most beautiful purse, which is at once the receptacle and the outward sign of the Great Seal, is solemnly carried by an official in Court dress, called the Purse-bearer, before the Lord Chancellor as, with slow steps and dignified mien, he enters and leaves the House of Lords or the Court of Chancery. It is made of rich crimson velvet, on which the Royal Arms are exquisitely embroidered in gold. The purse is renewed every year, and the old one goes to the Lord Chancellor. The wives of Lord Chancellors have cunningly turned the purses to objects of household decoration. Hardwicke was Lord Chancellor

for so many years—from 1737 to 1756—that Lady Hardwicke was able to provide the state bed in their house in Wimpole Street with several counterpanes and hangings from the purses which thus fell to her lord.

The Lord Chancellor has a more interesting perquisite still in connection with the Great Seal. When the mechanical parts of the seal become worn out, and a fresh one is required, and when, at the accession of every Sovereign to the Throne, a different Great Seal with the effigy of the new ruler has necessarily to be provided, the old Great Seal becomes the property of the Lord Chancellor. An interesting contention arose over the right to the possession of the Great Seal of George IV. Lord Lyndhurst was Lord Chancellor on the death of that monarch; but before the new Great Seal of William IV. was completed a change of Government took place, and Lord Brougham was appointed Lord Chancellor. Each of them claimed the Great Seal of George IV. as his perquisite. William IV., to whom the dispute was referred for arbitration, decided to divide the die, which consists, as has been described, of two parts—one with the Sovereign enthroned forming the obverse of the seal, and the other with the Sovereign on horseback its reverse—and that a part should go to each of the contending claimants. But His Majesty's graciousness did not end here. He had the two silver discs set into silver salvers, and presented one to Brougham and the other to Lyndhurst.

The action of William IV. has become an established precedent. In 1860 a new Great Seal was ordered, as the one provided at the accession of Queen Victoria had become somewhat defaced. Lord Chelmsford was Lord Chancellor at the time; but before the new seal was completed he was succeeded on a change of Government, by Lord Campbell. In the disposal of the

old Great Seal, they decided to be bound, subject to the consent of Queen Victoria, by the decision of William IV. Her Majesty readily consented to follow the precedent of her uncle, and accordingly Chelmsford and Campbell received each a side of the Great Seal set in a silver salver. This precedent received an extended application in 1878, when it again became necessary to provide another Great Seal. The old seal fell to Lord Chancellor Cairns; and he, though under no obligation to do so, gave one of the sides to his predecessor on the Woolsack, the Earl of Selborne, who was Lord Chancellor in 1873. The Great Seal made in 1878 was discarded in 1898. It became the property of Lord Chancellor Halsbury, to whom also fell the last Great Seal of Queen Victoria. The cost of a Great Seal, I may add, is between four hundred and five hundred pounds.

The Speaker and the Lord Chancellor, who receive such handsome perquisites, made by custom similar gifts to others. The three clerks who sit at the table of the House of Lords taking minutes of the proceedings for the Journals of the House, enjoying salaries ranging from one thousand five hundred to two thousand five hundred pounds, and the three clerks who discharge similarly light and pleasant duties at the table in the House of Commons for equally generous emoluments, wear bob-wigs and flowing stuff gowns like barristers-at-law in our courts of justice. They shine resplendent in new wigs and gowns whenever there is a change in the occupant of the Woolsack or the Chair, for every new Lord Chancellor presents the clerks of the Lords, and every new Speaker the clerks of the Commons, with fresh sets of these habiliments.

The Attorney-General, who receives a salary of seven thousand pounds, and the Solicitor-General, whose salary is

six thousand pounds a year—both receiving in addition high fees for any cases they may conduct on behalf of the Crown in the law courts—are, like the Lord Chief-Judge, the Baron of the Exchequer, and the Master of the Rolls, provided with more broadcloth than they need for the clothing of themselves through the benefactions of the Clothworkers' Company of London.

The Lord Mayor of London also receives as well as gives perquisites. In December of every year four does from Bushey Park are presented to him, and every July he receives four bucks from the same royal preserves. To each of the two Sheriffs of the City three does and three bucks are similarly delivered; while the Recorder, Chamberlain, Town Clerk, Common Serjeant, and Remembrancer receive one doe and one buck each. These animals are killed and delivered on the warrant of the First Commissioner of Works as gifts from the Sovereign. The custom is associated with royal grants and charters to the City of London of certain hunting privileges in the days of ancient civic hunts, of which there are records dating as far back as 1101.

The Foreign Secretary, with a salary of five thousand pounds, also gets his

Chambers's Journal.

four and a half yards of broadcloth from the Clothworkers' Company. The Home Secretary, who has a salary of five thousand pounds, and his Parliamentary Under-Secretary, who has a salary of fifteen hundred pounds, receive gifts of venison from the royal preserves. Mr. Henry Broadhurst, who was Under-Secretary of the Home Office in 1886, writes in his very interesting autobiography, *From Stone-Mason's Bench to Treasury Bench*: "One curious experience that befell me during my short term of office was the discovery that I was entitled in virtue of my position to half a carcass of a buck from Windsor, or in lieu thereof one or two guineas—I forget the exact equivalent. I chose the half-buck, and in due course it arrived at the Home Office, when I had it transported to my home. It proved rather an alarming addition to my small larder; but it enabled me to fill a rôle which I have found the most grateful in life—that of the dispenser of favors. I was able to distribute among my friends joints of royal venison."

A predilection for perquisites is indeed a common human weakness, from which, as we have seen, not even the highest and best-paid magnates of the State are free.

Michael MacDonagh.

SUMMER NOON.

Before the muffled clatter of the reaping-machine has announced the beginning of harvest the summer is passing away in her sleep. Waiting, as a full tide awaits for the first faint ripple of the ebb, the broad wheat-fields rest waveless in the haze. On the shorn meadows, to which the tender film of green after-grass has not yet come, the horses are enjoying the respite which follows hay-time. Against the dim

sky-line cattle are idling away the day until the dews fall upon the hot pasture and flies no longer tease. From the sultry depths of the silent valleys to the brink of the high moors, where the foxglove and the heather tell of a mountain summer that is only now in its youth, there is an all-pervading sense of peace. It is a peace which is whole-hearted, full of a generous comfort, which cloaks the landscape as it

does the mind with an indefinable calm. There was a distinct quality of the peace of happiness in April, in her "smiles and tears." The merry haste of May and the laughter of leafy June were a refreshing and companionable joy. But now the country has fallen into slumber, and the slow-breathing murmur of the silence is the expression of the consolation which is begotten of deep repose. Only the harvest is waiting, and the knowledge that it will mark the "sweet procession of the year" gone by, leaves a more intense desire to doze away, undisturbed and to the very end, the truce that has visited a busy world.

True it is that to most of us the summer is only just beginning, but the last page in the story of growth and development has been turned over. The full corn is in the ear. The wild roses have gone from the hedgerows, and haws are showing on the may. There is a lulling hum of insects' wings in the air, but the birds, for the most part, are silent. In the oak trees, whose great boughs are held in a net of silken strands, willow wrens are complacently repeating their little songs as they hunt the devouring caterpillar, and sweet as those gentle cadences are they have left the fullness of their joy with the last of the June roses, and now express as well as any song can the delicious weariness of the summer sleep. A yellow-hammer—whose gold is a little tarnished, perhaps—perched on the sunny side of the hedge, utters his oft-told tale with an expression of sleepy indifference which speaks of half-remembered love and courting days of spring. He is the ideally comfortable bird, and his summer life is one long drowsy dream of departed joy. Greenfinches, always late in nesting, which Jefferies loved beyond all birds because of their complete abandonment to happiness, because "they had so much time" in which to enjoy and express that happl-

ness, still mutter subdued syllables of their mating songs. But these voices and the insects' droning melody only intensify the silence of the summer noon. Just as the pipe of some passing bird far up in the sullen gray, or the distant bleat of a belated sheep, gives to the dreadful hush of winter, when heavy snow has fallen and a deadly frost is laying an iron hand upon a world already stricken low, a deeper significance, so the slumberous sounds of summer speak to the listener, not of themselves but of the reposeful stillness that prevails.

Down in the green meadows which border the stream the steamy air is laden with the drowsy odors of meadow-sweet and wild orchis. And save for the flash of a burnished dragon-fly, or the smothered voice of the stream among the water-weed, there is no sight or sound of motion. Even the big trout, dozing on the clean sunlit gravel, has felt the burden of the day, and in vain may the angler mark him down for sport until a more invigorating season. Still there are few more delightful places to wander in than this, where the grass is wet at mid-day and the fragrant water-mint lends its refreshing scent to an air that is overburdened with the incensed breath of innumerable flowers. And it is here, perhaps, that the dry-fly fisherman can score a point against his toiling brother of the mountain brook. For while he, the former, is comfortably seated in view of some favorite pool, field-glasses in hand, ready to discern and locate the slightest dimple on the placid water, he can, without exertion, smoke burnt offerings in the pipe of peace and leave not a regretful sigh behind should he never wet a line. Lazy fishing it is true, but then it is summer fishing, and in harmony with the lethargic spirit of the season. And it is an ineffable and wholesome pleasure "to share the calm the season

brings" sometimes. To set out in the cool of the morning with the brave determination to fish hard on an impossible day and then to abandon oneself to complete idleness, to throw in one's lot with nature and the summer noon, is even a sweeter indulgence.

When the sun-baked earth of noon-day brings the fresh breeze from the sea the pale gold of the wheat-fields trembles at its touch. And fleeting harmonies of light and shade drift from hedgerow to horizon like summer clouds which melt again into the blue as soon as they are born. But in the oak trees, where the greenfinches are whispering, not a leaf stirs. Under the heavy greenery of the branches there is a flowerless world, a world of sapless, withering life, bespattered with the saccharine exudations of countless insects, showers of spurious honey in which bees revel in a drunken ecstasy, wasting their time and ruining their morals with the "drowsy syrups of the world," which to the apiarist, at any rate, are worse than useless. And on the dry hedgerow banks, where blue-bells hang their heads and broad fox-

glove leaves are curling in the heat, it seems as if the very sun itself had lain down and slept. The afternoons seem to linger, but daily the shadows creep farther across the fields, and a soft, pearly vapor wreathes itself about the feet of the tall trees and along the fringe of the wood. There is the faintest suspicion of the autumn blue in that gathering haze. And when the distances deepen, and shadows grow longer, we know that the acorns are bulging out of their tiny cups. True there is no rest, no absolute standing still, in nature, but the temporary lull, when the matured summer lays her palm across the vibrating strings of life and a profound quietude enfolds the earth, is as near complete rest as anything can be in life. In the stilled sap and the hushed songs there may be an indirect element of progression, even as there is in the ripening seed, but to-day it is enough to know that in the dreamy slumber of the summer noon the evening dews—the dews which will refresh and invigorate like the showers and breath of spring—are being born.

A. T. Johnson.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

LIFE ON THE HIRE SYSTEM.

If the owl of Minerva, motionless on its perch, should happen to open one eye solemnly on to the cage of a squirrel, the bird of wisdom might wonder (probably not understanding the mechanism of the revolving drum) why the squirrel persists in such an intensely strenuous life when there is so little to show for it. The reason of course is that the squirrel cannot help itself; and some of us lead the strenuous life for no better reason, and with no better result. In these days the wheel of life revolves much quicker than it used, and we get into trouble if we do not keep

pace with it. But not every one likes the headlong pace of modern life, or much admires a wheel of fortune flying so rapidly round that little can be followed of its motion beyond the noise it makes and the sparks that fly from it.

Restless energy is so much praised as the salvation of the race that it is as well to make a virtue of necessity by swimming with the current. Privately we reflect on the hopeless *impasse* to which this splendid energy has managed to conduct so many of us, and would point as a warning example to Napoleon, who rested not before he

had worried himself into St. Helena; but we do not for all that deny the great things it has accomplished. If you want to see its monuments, look round, from the Pyramids to the Times' Book Club inclusive. In Sir Edward Poynter's picture of the Egyptian Bondage we can see how that ancient energy went to work,—and notice that those who evidently enjoyed it most are the men with the whips; the real strenuous workers would much rather have left it alone.

This is not the place to discuss the other instance we have mentioned, neither do we know whether in the end the "harbitrary gents" selling books on a complicated hire-system may not reach some St. Helena. Literature does not work well under high pressure. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says somewhere that he prefers authors that work full steam up, safety valve shut, blood mounting to the head and feet in a hot-water bath,—or words very much to that effect; but Wendell Holmes did not work that way himself. It is possible to compile catalogues of furniture, or testimonials to patent pills in twenty languages in that fashion; but literature requires leisure, and it is being slowly throttled by the strenuous life, in which journalism and football flourish.

The chief factor, the mainspring of this restless energy (when it is not, as it mostly is, compulsory) is the wish to get on, to get rich without loss of time, to enjoy the good things of this life before it is too late. Naturally, as a matter of demand and supply, there are those who anticipate our wishes and offer us, for a consideration, the spoils of victory before we have quite run the race. We wear the crown long before we have won it, by the simple expedient of hiring it.

To begin with, let us take the case of hiring a house before we can afford to buy one. In olden times the son

lived in his father's house, even when married, until he could afford to build himself a new one. Now, the speculative jerry-builder provides houses standing empty, rows of them, with doors gaping wide for sons that are not yet born, and many a young man not born to greatness has a Hamilton House (with a wash-house and back-yard) thrust upon him before he is well out of his teens. Let no man hesitate. Never mind the rent; there are sure to be societies that take or insure the risk; life-insurance is good for that, for furnishing, for goodness knows what. All a man has to do is to place himself unreservedly into somebody's hands and watch the astonishing result. The very lucrative science of mutual aid is carried to such lengths to-day that a young man entering upon life need only sign a few forms and heigh presto! he finds himself a householder, a voter, a citizen before he has time to look round to take his bearings.

Time was when an Englishman's castle was his own, to do with what he liked. Now the castle, in which he lives in more senses than one a semi-detached, provisional existence, is hired on a three years' agreement, and is furnished on the hire-system, one of the most characteristic signs of the times. In this hired house he sits on a hired chair, sleeps on a hired bed, listens to a hired piano, eats soup with a hired spoon,—and there's an end, as the soup could nowise be included in the list of edibles sometimes hired from confectioners, though in these mysteries it is not good to enter. The sense of ownership, of possession, once one of the fiercest of our convictions, is apt in the circumstances to become weak and untrustworthy, for this provisional unsettled system pervades our whole existence. On loan, for a consideration, we borrow books, encyclopedias of sorts, bicycles, horses and carriages, dress-coats, sewing-machines, fancy

costumes and wigs, even it is said our wedding-cakes, at least the ornamental part of them. At routs or receptions we entertain our friends on the hire-system, and the man from Blankney's fills the spare chair at our dinners.

The modern host looks on at the animated scene with the precise knowledge of what it will cost him, but otherwise uncomfortably uncertain who is who, which is which, or how much of it, of tables, chairs, epergnes or friends, he can really call his own. The servant who smiles responsive to his glance does not know his way about the house. Why should the man smile discreetly if it were not that he secretly enjoys the innocent plot in which he takes a humble part? He would wink if he dared, only he does not know who is the host. This social imposture is by no means new. Near a hundred years ago young David Copperfield, at Mrs. Waterbrook's dinner-party, identified a ticket-porter in disguise, but they both concealed their mutual knowledge of each other, conscience, as Dickens says, making cowards of them both. Unless we are very much mistaken, this is still the mental attitude prescribed by custom, cowardly though it may be. There are a few old family servants still left here and there, but generally speaking our servants are new and unfamiliar faces, here to-day and gone to-morrow, and some of our friends are so much ours on the hire-system that we have only to stop the instalments (of invitations to dinners or dances) to see them disappear together with the tables and chairs.

For many reasons it is obvious that this system must be of comparatively modern growth. The Crusaders could not have let their castles for a term to rich Americans; and it is not at all likely that they hired their expensive suits of armor, had to make good the dents, or had to leave a deposit in case

they did not come back. Reginald Front-de-Bœuf would probably have scorned such an arrangement, though he did many less heroic and unknighthly deeds, we may be sure. We see nothing dishonorable in such mutual accommodation, so long as we duly pay up what we owe for it, but that was just the difficulty with them. Crusaders had peculiar ideas of honor, which they did not mix up with honesty; their greatness consisted in being honorable, and sometimes honest; without compulsion. If ever they paid, they paid when they pleased. A man who on instalments bent had entered their castles by the door would have stood a good chance of leaving them by the window, if not from the battlements, as a gage of battle flung to the trade. Tottenham Court Road would do little business to-day if customers could raise the drawbridge, or drop the portcullis, or wait for the collector with a battle-axe.

Considering the system therefore as a purely modern convenience, it is not in these democratic days surprising to find that it not only benefits the lower classes and the very poor, but that the monied classes and even the modern representatives of the Crusaders, could hardly muddle through existence without having recourse to it. The duke lets his ancestral home and a rich ironmonger hires it of him; another trader hires his shooting, his fishing, perhaps his yacht. It is possible now for a man of no distinction whatever to realize the fables of the Arabian Nights, and to be for a summer, a year, or even a longer term, a duke or a belted earl in all the essentials and in the absolute and identical surroundings of one, almost in his skin; castle, grounds, hunters, carriages, and servants all included. If he could only hire the title, the transformation for the time would be complete. Any good house-agent can, if I have the money, put me in

some duke's or baron's easy chair and in his bed of state, the dowager duchess, nay, all my hired ancestors in mail or wig looking on as I eat my aristocratic lunch,—a well-nigh incredible arrangement it would have been to some of the aforesaid ancestors, who would not have allowed me to stand on their doormat for any consideration whatever,

Meanwhile His Grace, the real duke, far from wandering homeless and disconsolate, hires a Norwegian salmon-river or something else for the money, and so the merry game goes round. It is not quite in keeping with Norman blood, perhaps, as we used to understand it, not altogether consistent with Disraeli's conception of "the sustained splendor of their stately lives"; but no real harm is done, for it would be a sad thing if a nobleman could not do what he liked with his own. Some of the French aristocracy, if we are to believe Alphonse Daudet, are much worse off than our imaginary duke. The most noble the Marquis of Bois-l'Héry and his marchioness lived altogether on the hire-system and even improved upon this by paying no instalments at all. Nothing held on them; everything was, so to speak, pinned on. Their servants served for nothing with the view to obtaining a character from a marquis. The pictures on the walls belonged to picture-dealers who paid him a commission if he privately sold some to his noble friends; the horses were lent by horse-dealers, with the same end in view, and the noble marquis, as a company-promoter, put his thumbs in his waistcoat-pockets and looked at the world and at angry shareholders with a restful grin as if to say: "What can anybody do to me? I have nothing to lose; not a scrap of this is my own."

There are those who would convince us that this freedom from care and anxiety is worth more than any worldly possessions; that in fact he

was the wisest of all men who reduced his possessions to the irreducible minimum of a tub and a cup. The world does not believe a word of this; it has no use for a theory which during twenty centuries has only once been put into practice. But if there be any subtle joy in poverty, not to be found in the grosser delights of riches, it was reserved for our times to discover a *via media* in the hire-system, by which we possess nothing and yet have all the enjoyments of ownership. It is a device which would have made Diogenes jump for joy,—if he had discovered it himself. As the invention of a rival school he would have felt bound to pick holes in it; and this is what we now propose to do, for the purpose of showing both sides of a practical custom which no philosopher could have originated or invented. It is too much the fashion to say that all great movements that have swayed mankind have their origin in the thinker's head; we incline to think they mostly have their origin in an empty pocket.

A man who lives in a hired house, ready, often anxious, to leave it when his short term expires, has no stake in the country; he is held down on the spot he occupies by the very flimsiest of bonds. What interest has a man in the hotel in which he only passes the night? Municipal election agents know what a frantic business it is to trace a voter from house to house, to run him to earth somewhere in a brand new house where the paint and plaster are not yet dry, happy indeed if the said house does not happen to be outside the district in which the voter once took a three years' interest. With the new house he may take up, again for three years, the voter's burden to watch a new set of officials, to praise or denounce all the tricks they may be able to perform in three years' time, after which,—another move, other councillors, and another parish pump.

There is a lower depth, to which one hardly likes to allude, but in these restless, fretful days three years is for some, and for occult reasons, far too long and inconvenient a period. Here again the unscrupulous tempt the improvident. It sounds like a sordid fairy-tale, but only the other day there appeared at the Wandsworth County Court a furniture-remover whose vans bore the strange device: *Don't worry; get married and keep on moving.* In other words,—but why should we lift the veil, if perchance it should still be a veil for a few who have not heard of moonlight flitting and the reasons and consequences thereof?

All this is demoralizing. It kills the civic instinct and explains the endless efforts to keep the voter up to the mark. What interest can he have in a councillor who, if the landlord will not give him a new wall-paper, or if the chimney continues to smoke (or if the quarter's rent be not quite ready) may not be his councillor by next quarter-day? On such small things do the fates of Councils turn.

A superficial observer, judging only from the newspapers, might not unreasonably suppose that such trifling fireside concerns would be entirely forgotten in the public excitement of a Council election, but this is not the case. The most vital Imperial question and the most debated parochial interest must always give way to the petty home trouble. Who cares a doit for the Newfoundland Fisheries when the chimney smokes? To take a historical example: would any one have believed that Camille Desmoulins gave much thought to the conveniences of his flat in the intervals of leading his red-capped patriots through the streets or roaring in the Jacobin Club? If Carlyle had known, or recollectcd, this little known fact he would have made much of the ludicrous contrast presented by this fiery Angel of the Revo-

lution, forgetting for a whole day the Bastille, the guillotine, the September massacres, to run from magistrate to magistrate and from court to court in his anxiety to be relieved of a flat he had incautiously taken, and for which he had paid a deposit before discovering that the neighbors on both sides pursued noisy trades in some hammering way? The man who cheerfully confiscated all the possessions of King, Nobility, and Church, wanted his deposit back,—and we believe he got it. His name was not the only feminine thing about Camille.

Another evil of the system is the mistrust it breeds between man and man. The house to which your friend proudly invites you, is not his at all; it is borrowed for a short time; he is bound under solemn treaty to leave it after a short time in as sound a condition as when he entered it, "reasonable wear and tear only excepted." Not a snail would live in his shell on such terms of distracting uncertainty, for the landlord and tenant have diametrically opposite views as to what is reasonable. The latter very soon discovers innumerable defects in his temporary abode. He demands redress of his grievances, which is refused as not being reasonable; from that moment the end is in view, and the recurring quarter-days create a deep and enduring enmity between two people who otherwise might have met on the basis of a common humanity.

On the other hand it must be admitted that the system has merits. From time to time we all run the risk of having undesirable neighbors; an unpleasantness of which one now can mostly see the end, for if we do not ourselves go away, ten to one the neighbors shortly will, and the next door piano will soon annoy somebody else. With a little patience one may outstay a whole streetful of neighbors. It was not always thus. In former

days there was as great a lack of spare houses as there now is an overabundance of them. In the Middle Ages a man who lived next door to a smith or a carpenter could never get away from the nuisance until he died, or until he killed the smith or the carpenter. Happily the dulcimer or the guitar had not the wall-piercing power of our piano. Having seen these tame and spiritless instruments in museums, we know that the young lady next door might have practised the dulcimer from morning till night without our once pleading for an hour's respite by knocking against the wall. They were cruel days in other respects, but people had consciences.

Duly considering all the arguments for and against the system of limited or temporary ownership, and fully aware that we have not yet reached perfection in any of our social arrangements, let us enquire how this matter would stand in a state of perfection,—in Utopia, in short. Sir Thomas More was not the most trustworthy of guides in a future which he very dimly and most mistakenly foresaw, but he has at least not left us in doubt on the subject of our houses. In Utopia, Sir Thomas tells us, people change their houses by compulsion, all at the same time, at fixed periods, and no house-hunting in the case, for the exchange is made by lot. If this be what is in store for us in the Millennium, let us pray it may never come. Sir Thomas felt bound to make some allowance for human restlessness, but his morality was shocking; his plan is too much like sheer gambling to suit our refined and ethical sense of honesty. A lottery in which you might draw a mansion in Park Lane would be very attractive to wrong-minded people, but not to us. We only want that for which we have worked hard; at least we are always told that this is the limited wish of every right-minded man, and with a

sigh of regret we feel it is true, more's the pity. That there should be undesirable as well as desirable houses in Utopia is clearly what Sir Thomas foresaw, an imperfection in perfection which he did not see his way to get rid of. On the other hand, in this never to be sufficiently denounced immoral lottery, one might draw a hovel in a slum; even in Utopia one cannot have everything of the best, if some one else is to have some. This truth should be written in letters of gold over every door in that perfect State, for it will explain to every grumbling Utopian why so many things must remain so very much as they were before.

The purchase of smaller things on the hire-system is not touched upon in Utopia. Life was much simpler then and wants so few that the smallest purse could satisfy them without a borrowing system which we apply to our superfluities; there was not an unwritten law to the effect that there had to be, whatever else was wanting, a dulcimer on the hire-system in every house. A complete list of all the things now considered necessities of life, but which people then managed very well to do without, is a great curiosity. It forms a stout volume, and for the benefit of those interested in the enquiry we may add that it is published by the Army and Navy Stores.

With regard to the philosophy, the ethics of the system, why should we not, after all, hire all that we want during our short passage here below? It might have suited Methuselah to keep something by him for his nine hundred and sixty-nine years, but for our short term of the odd sixty-nine at most, borrowing or hiring should suffice. It will come to that before long. Some enterprising firm will arise to take us in hand at birth, and for a fixed sum to be settled by actuaries, see us through this vale of tears

and deliver us up at the end of our short days (reasonable wear and tear as a matter of course understood), guaranteeing us such comforts, in proportion to our payments, as we could perhaps never secure if left to our own bewildered devices. What holds good for a journey through Egypt and Palestine should hold good for the journey through life. We throw out the hint for what it may be worth; some American may already have the scheme in a pigeon-hole.

It is true that not every one likes to be personally conducted; natures impatient of control there must always be. Heroes and geniuses will always prefer to travel alone, unaided, and see what comes of it; but sages, and the overwhelming majority of mankind whose only anxiety is to get through the painful business with a minimum of discomfort to themselves and others, ought to hail the idea of life on the hire system as one full of promise and charm. We are not without a faint suspicion that Socialism tends that way; let Communists and Socialists but carry their theories to their legitimate

conclusions (which they never do), and the thing would be as good as done. The possessive pronoun ought to find no place in their dictionary. *My* house, *my* coat, *my* wife smacks odiously of egotism, and sets up the individual in antagonism to the community,—the one unforgivable sin. Carlyle said that hope is our only true possession; we would add that we also, greatly daring, call our soul our own, were it not for the depressing reflection that its furnishing follows the universal law. Many of our thoughts are fatally borrowed from others, and many opinions we hold to-day we shall not hold tomorrow. This, too, may be provided for in the contract without any difficulty, for already now we take our opinions too often ready made. Our conception of what constitutes property has been considerably modified since the time when Hazlitt, thinking himself to be the exponent of advanced views, said that there are only four things a man may call his own: "His person, his actions, his property, and his opinions." It is difficult to see what more he could have.

Macmillan's Magazine.

Marcus Reed.

INDOMITABLE.

The links that go to make the chain of Empire are forged slowly and in curious furnaces. Look at them through the microscope of detail, you will find that they are fashioned of much that is noble, much that is gruesome. Humor, pathos, suffering, self-sacrifice, cruelty, kindness, and cowardice,—all these to a degree seldom known in cities, all at their whitest heat, go to the forging. The flag flies at last, the link is forged, but the little things that set the flag flying, the heroism and endurance, the deeds and deaths that made up and welded the link, what of them?

It was New Year's Eve in Mashonaland, years ago. The link has long since been finally welded; together with other provinces the country is now known as Rhodesia.

The two ox-wagons of a prospecting syndicate rumbled and crashed down the rock-strewn darkening avenue of giant trees and interlacing scrub. Through the crashes of the falling wheels came the dull roar of the fast-rising river. It was one of the first gold-hunting parties permitted to enter the country on the heels of the big Company's expedition. This permission was granted upon the signing of a document, setting forth that they

would take up arms (their own arms) and fight for the Company, if required.

From the outset this tiny band of pioneers had been unfortunate. Sick bullocks had delayed them for more than two months upon the road, and now the deadly wet season had closed down upon them with its sombre and dispiriting murkiness. Two days before coming to this river the man in charge had been killed by one of the oxen, which was itself dying. With a handful of salt, that for all its usefulness might as well have been a handful of gold dust, a mutton-chop, or anything else, he had approached the sick brute. Half rising, with one swing of its immense horns it had just touched the man. There was not even a bruise, but he died in great agony twelve hours afterwards. Almost at the same moment the bullock died also. Thus the first use of the mining tools was to dig a grave deep enough to be undisturbed by wild animals. He was buried, and upon the nearest large tree his name was hewn out with a small axe.

The three remaining Englishmen trudged behind the wagons, leading their horses. Harman, who was now in command, had been skipper of a sailing-ship on the deep seas. Major Dorton was a British warrior of no war, who, in India, from his own account, had made a considerable difference in the number of Bengal tigers. Brown was a Kimberley miner, and, so to speak, the mining expert of the party: he was a miner pure and simple, a day's-work man, a man of houses and beds, with no adventurous spirit, who already deeply regretted that he had ever set out upon such a journey. Urging the cattle of the leading wagon into the angry swirling stream was Jan Vanderweyder, a Dutchman, and the hero of the events that took place at this "drift" and in its neighborhood on this New Year's Eve and through the few succeeding days.

The river rose steadily, hurrying in an irresistible brown tumult flecked with white patches of foam. The wagons were halted at the top of the steep cutting that led down to the water. Jan clambered on to his horse, and rode into what was palpably the deepest part of the river. The horse splashed and floundered, stumbled and recovered as Jan spurred him out again. There was just time, he thought. A huge Zulu boy was told off as voorlooper, or leader of the leading oxen. Another boy scrambled on to the Dutchman's horse; Brown to the huge brake-handle at the back of the wagon. Jan shouted the names of several of the oxen, and dropped the long whip upon each beast as he named it. This preliminary call to work is not objurgatory but full of encouragement, and the whip falls with such lithe grace that it seems in the nature of a caress. The oxen threw their weight upon the yokes as men lean upon the rope, not yet to pull, in a tug-of-war contest. Then, at a word they strain, the wagon creaks and jumps forward. The descent is very short but steep. Jan yells at the Kaffir, and at full trot the sixteen long-horned oxen dash down into the angry water; the wagon groans and crashes like a living thing dragged against its will. Jan, as the wagon was almost touching the water, sprang upon the step and mounted to the box, where he stood in the misty, growing twilight, the shaggy, bearded master of the scene, like some one of his long-ago ancestors hurling orders from the poop of a Dutch three-decker in the gray, tumbling, northern sea. The long line of oxen curves to the weight of water; the whip falls three, four, six times, like lightning, on the bulge; it straightens. The Kaffir stumbles and disappears, emerges laughing, yelling, and tugging at the rein; he looks to be dragging it all—oxen, wagon, everything. As the front

wheels of the wagon came out of the water Jan leapt to the ground, and the names, characters, and disposition of his oxen poured from his mouth in ever-varying shouts of entreaty, condemnation, encouragement, and reviling.

Up the steep slope, very slowly but with no pause, and the wagon is landed safely on a small cleared flat. Jan rode back through the river and pronounced it impossible to take over the second wagon that night, as the river had risen inches since he had started with the first. Harman and the Major, whose bedding and mattresses occupied a kind of first and second floor at the back part of the wagon that had gone over, mounted their horses and rode across the river, by that time well up the saddle-flaps and running harder than ever. Jan and the miner, Brown, remained with the hinder wagon. The dusk grew into darkness, a penetrating rain fell untriflingly, as if it would fall for ever. The night divided the years, also its blackness built a wall between the two halves of the ill-fated little expedition. On one side of the wall were two men who were to come alive and well out of Mashonaland, back to civilization; on the other side, two who were to stay there—always.

Jan was typical of the best sort of Dutchman. He was tall and wiry; strong, but not athletic. His hair and beard were of that deep brown that in out-of-door men always makes one think the color has been much lighter but has become deepened by the sun; there was much of them, and they were not well groomed. He had a stolid indifference to physical surroundings, and large gray eyes that lit up with a grim delight when the little things went wrong.

Under the shelter of a stretched tarpaulin the boys had made a fire. The Dutchman and the miner ate their

supper and washed it down with strong coffee. Then they fell to talk of other and more hilarious New Year's Eves. Their conversation upon good times led naturally to slight self-pity that the New Year was to be hailed with no stronger drink than coffee. Why should it not be? Ah! why should it not?

And so, and on, till a case of Three Star brandy, reserved for medical comforts, was broken open and lay on the ground between them. The bottles nestled snugly in their straw coverings, redolent of comfort, almost speaking of wet and cold and discomfort all banished. There had been much specious reasoning between Brown's first promulgation of the spirituous burglary and the silent drawing, with a knife, of the first cork by Jan. An hour later, and with joined hands, they were singing "Auld Lang Syne," in two languages and countless tunes.

The song ended, they loosened hands, and Brown seated himself with more than customary rapidity. He missed the tiny camp-stool, came to the sodden ground, and stayed there. He had lost the use of his legs, and the discovery of the loss brought with it a revulsion from the joyous feeling; he felt helpless and miserable; he peered into the darkness and was afraid. Jan stood over him and laughed in his beard. The brandy had taken nothing from him; it had given him something, expanded his customary benevolence, and forced the slow blood to a gallop through his veins. Presently he spoke in the half-and-half language he used with Englishmen, quite impossible of reproduction.

"This will never do,—Mr. Harman and the Major must drink too. I will take some to them, and they shall drink with me; it is a good plan, eh, my Brown?"

Brown only watched with stupid amazement as Jan disappeared out of

the small fire-lit circle. He came back in a few minutes leading his horse; then he stuffed a bottle of brandy into each coat-pocket, threw himself on to the bare-backed animal, and, assuring Brown that he would take his greetings to the other side, clattered off down to the drift.

The river had been steadily rising, and was now a swim both on the hither and thither sides of a sandbank, in the middle of the stream, a small stretch of which still showed like a lost strip of dawn on the horizon of the black night. Jan remembered that the far bank was steep on each side of the landing-place, so that he would have to hit it exactly, or be unable to get out. Unfortunately, for his attempt would have been useless had it not been so, the southern bank sloped gradually down to the water for some distance up-stream, so that he was able to ride up fifty yards or so before taking to the water, this to make allowance for being washed down by the stream. The noise from across the water had aroused Harman and the Major. They wrapped themselves in waterproofs, and made their way stumblingly down to the river to try and find out what was the matter, for "Auld Lang Syne" as rendered by Jan and Brown, and conveyed through a considerable distance of wet night, gave no hint of a jollification. As they stood at the edge of the water, straining their ears for some other sound that might penetrate the continuous turbulence of the river, there came to them suddenly a "Happy New Year," in thick, gurgling tones, a smothered semblance of Jan's deep laugh making the gurgle. The voice had all the detached, untravelled distinctness that noise telephoned across noise always has at night-time, so much so that the Major stepped back as though something had struck him. Then there came the snort of the horse as his head came above water after the first dip

when he had begun to swim, and had given up feeling for the bottom with his feet. The horse's noise also had that dim, curious nearness. There followed in the same tones as before an assurance from the merry Dutchman that their ills of wet and discomfort would soon be all over, for was he not on his way to them with his pockets full of brandy,—they were good pockets and would not leak, ha! ha!

It seems a curious way of taking pleasure, but Jan was, according to his nature, enjoying himself hugely. Slightly above par, but by no means drunk, his chief characteristics were intensified: in the fulness of his benevolence he was determined that his employers should have drink befitting the passing of the year, and be merry as he was. Then there was the fact that he was swimming a flooded river that he had never seen till that evening at dusk: it was pouring with rain, and pitch dark,—little difficulties to be worried down and put behind him beaten. What more could the heart of such a man desire?

As he stood for a moment on the sandbank in the middle of the river, the Englishmen yelled at him to go back. Harman had said a few words to the Major, and their protests thereafter took on vigor, turned to entreaty: they prayed, cursed this and all other New Year's Eves, and implored Jan to turn back. For Jan and the Major, until reminded of it, had forgotten the one dreadful danger of the river—of all rivers in this country.

"Ah, no! Mr. Harman. Ah, no! My spoor is all washed out, and going back I might get lost," the deep chuckle that followed his little joke seemed an eerie thing to be abroad on such a night. The Major began to think that for Jan to come on to his side of the river might be as safe as for him to go back, and after all the brandy would be welcome.

"You must have this little drink with me," was all the Dutchman answered.

Slowly and reluctantly the horse slithered off the sand-bank into the deep water.

This time the prolonged snort had fear in it—was near to being a scream. The Major clutched Harman by his wet sleeve, then let go of it quickly and looked down, forgetting the darkness, to hide his eyes from the other, for he felt sick with apprehension. A swift vision came to him of himself out there instead of Jan Vanderweyder, face to face with an almost inconceivable horror. There was a pause of perhaps three seconds, through which the Major shivered, and Harman, with firmly planted feet and hands clenched on his express rifle, strained to throw his sailor eyes out into the darkness and gather what was happening.

"Allemactig!"

The national curse came hissing up to the two men on the bank in a penetrating, agonized whisper.

"My God!" said the Major faintly, "what is it?"

"Wait!" said Harman, and all the while they both knew what it must be.

"You d—d crocodile, you would, eh? . . . You can't hold me, though. . . . Pull, my good horse, pull!"

It was no broken English now, just the Taal. They heard the horse splashing, as he floundered and struggled back on to the sandbank; then again a long though really momentary silence, followed by a snort and plunge from the horse who took to the water and swam back to the bank from which he had come.

This is what had happened,—a huge crocodile had seized Jan above the right ankle, the horse had turned back for the sandbank, and Jan, clinging with all his mighty strength, one hand to the mane, the other to the saddle, had been dragged back into com-

parative safety. The effort left him for the moment exhausted, his muscles relaxed, and he had dropped from the horse to the soft wet sand. He had left his foot and six inches of his leg in the slimy, reeking jaws of the crocodile. No ancient epicure of cruelty could, in his subtlest moments, have invented such a gruesome amputation, yet Jan lay upon the sandbank and did not faint. His slow, dull but useful wits gathered back to help him; and he took off his belt and strapped it tightly above the knee, cutting deeply into the flesh. Then he lay still, close to the edge of the water.

The Major could not swim—at least, he said he could not. His sporting tendencies, in fact, began and ended with the shooting of Bengal tigers, and as this animal has never been imported into Mashonaland, that country does not remember the Major as a man in any way remarkable.

It would be hard to blame any human being who, in the circumstances, should have stayed where he was on the bank of the river. Nevertheless Harman made two gallant attempts to reach Jan, but owing to the steepness of the bank he could not go more than a few yards up-stream before making his plunge. He was washed down far beyond the strip of sand, and all but drowned on each occasion.

All through the night Jan lay where he had fallen, never once losing his senses: had he done so, there would quickly have been an end of him, and of this history of what a man may endure. For the crocodile stood by, waiting his chance. At intervals, never longer than half an hour, he would push his noisome head and fore part out of the water. Jan would hurl Dutch curses at him and cry to Harman to shoot, there would be the crash of an express rifle, a bullet whinging only a foot or so above the water, and

the crocodile would disappear for another period of ghastly tension. All through the night Harman stood by the water, his rifle at the "ready." Once only was there fear in the Dutchman's cry: it was the fear of the hitherto unafraid, mastered, beaten, gibbering in front of some unspeakable horror. The sound was so terrible that Harman loosed off his rifle without putting it to his shoulder, obeying automatically a supreme call for lightning answer. After the report, which told him that his answer to the call had been the pressing of the trigger, there was silence, for the hubbub of the river and the rain had by now come to represent silence. Harman stood still and wondered where the bullet had gone. Then he shouted an inquiry to Jan, and the answer came with the curious far-away nearness more than ever accentuated. The words seemed to stand up in front of Harman, painted in a sullen red upon the black night.

"He touched me!"

The Major sitting on the ground put his head down between his knees and said, "God! God! God!"

And all the time it rained, and all the time it was pitch dark; moreover, the river might rise and cover the sandbank.

II.

A fort, with a Gatling gun mounted at one corner of it, and a Union Jack, frayed at the edges, hanging limply from a sapling that stood in the middle of the open space. To the west, with a mile of open country in between, a long range of hills; to the east, undulating downs, wooded in clumps like a park in Gloucestershire; to the south, a lonely mountain that seemed to bar the way back to the known world. Northward lay the rest of Africa.

About eighty strong, we had been thrown out upon this lofty tableland

—a few seeds of civilization dropped upon a place where they might possibly take root, might possibly die, might possibly be blown away by the winds of fate or chance. The rest of the expedition—some six hundred—had trekked into the illimitable north and left us. We had built ourselves this fort with what speed our limited knowledge of pick-and-shovel work would allow, to be a haven in case of attack by the Matabeles. When it was built we manned it, every man to his set place at sundown. An hour before dawn we manned it again, and waited till the sun rose. We did this every evening and every morning for months. On the other side of the lonely mountain it was many hundreds of miles to a decent habitation or a town. Somewhere in the new world opposite, the six hundred, under the guidance of a mighty hunter, cut their road and pressed on. Until they should drop another link, 200 miles farther up, we were the outpost station of the English creeping from the Cape to Cairo, leaving behind them their eloquent spoor of little mounds, loose bones, and name-hewn trees.

The sentry on the fort reported to the corporal in charge of the guard that a Kaffir boy on horseback was coming up from the spruit at full gallop. The corporal carried the information to the lieutenant in command, the only officer, who was sitting in his mess-room, a grass roof with no walls, his elbows on the packing-case table and his eyes staring out moodily at the mountain, somewhere behind which lay his world, or at least the road to it. About a dozen men, the remnant of the force that was not down with the fever, slouched out of their huts and stood about expectantly, for the news had somehow simpered through the camp. The letter was brought from the boy to the lieu-

tenant, who found in it the following:-

"To the Officer in Command.

Fort Regina.

"Dear Sir,—I have a man here badly injured by a crocodile: if you have a surgeon will you kindly send him along quickly; he may possibly save the man's life.—Yours, &c.,

J. Harman."

The lieutenant stepped out from under the grass roof into the sunlight, and was about to speak to the corporal who had brought him the letter, when he caught sight of a man moving briskly from one hut to another, and he called out—

"Corporal MacDougall!"

The figure wheeled as though turned by a handle, came to the lieutenant, saluted, and after standing to attention for a moment or two, shrank gradually into a blinking weariness.

Enrolled in the expedition as a trooper, Mac had turned out to be a doctor with several letters after his name. He was a fallen star from the medical firmament. From Johannesburg to Mafeking, where he had joined us, he had begged his way from farm to farm, and had arrived with no personal property but the clothes he stood up in, and these looked as if they would be quite able to stand by themselves; indeed one could have imagined them preferring to do so, as being more respectable than was their enforced association with the grimy, hungry individual that they were covering. Nothing worthy of note concerning him happened for months: he became clean, handy with his rifle, good at his drill, a model of sobriety, a most engaging and well-informed companion. The first time that we had been separated from the main body of the expedition, which was many months before we were finally

dropped on the tableland, Mac was placed in medical charge of the troop and raised to the rank of corporal. This of course included the care of the medical comforts and medicines. In three days he had drunk all the whisky and brandy that comprised the comforts. He took a week to get over the carouse; this he accomplished by consuming all the chloroform, chlorodyne, and other drugs. There was no one to take his place as medicine man, so after being considered under arrest for some days he was reinstated, less the custody of any future supply of comforts. From that little episode onwards, and through the fever bout that held the camp in its dreary clutches at the time of this story, he had atoned nobly for his fall from grace. Day and night he toiled unremittingly, and had already dragged back several men who with one foot in the grave had been looking forward to planting the other. "If we cannot get out of Mashonaland, we can at least get under it," was a spirit very much abroad amongst the men in Fort Regina just at that time.

The lieutenant explained the matter to the corporal-surgeon, who had been up all night with an eighteen-year-old boy who would probably die, whose sister had just as much business on such an expedition as he had.

MacDougall listened, opening and shutting his tired eyes, and visibly shrinking downwards: the sun seemed to be sending him to sleep where he stood. He braced himself a little as the lieutenant began to speak again, somewhat louder now that he was giving orders.

"You will take your horse and whatever you consider necessary."

"Mac" blinked upward, laughed one note, and stopped suddenly as he thought of the boy who all night had been babbling in delirium about his mother and somebody called Lucy.

The boy was dying for want of nourishment, food, and medicines that were as unprocurable as though the nearest chemist shop were in the moon. He was a fair-haired boy, with pale no-colored eyes, freckles, and a turned-up nose. He had volunteered to go out to one of the post-stations, and they had let him go. That meant four men alone in the middle of Africa, stuck on the top of a kopje, to ride the mails when the rivers allowed it, and to think about Matabeles and lions, and wonder about things generally, which latter is a healthy pastime only for children. The rivers had cut them off when their rations were almost done; their trading stuff was done too, and the friendly niggers near them turned sulky about letting them have meal, pumpkins, and so on; the grass was too long for them to have much chance of shooting anything, so they had had a bad time, and the boy, never having been really strong, had gone under. You could call it fever,—perhaps it was,—but ten of fever to ninety of starvation was about the just proportion. He had kept his end up, smiling and fighting against the weakness, so that the others would go away alone at different times and say wicked things about the big Company, the rivers, and Africa in the bulk. When the river that had blocked them went down they had all deserted their post like good men and true, with a fine disregard for their own reputations, and had made a bid for that little freckled life. They put him on a horse—two men walked, one on either side, to hold him steady, and the other led the horse. Fifty miles to the fort—it took them two days and a half, going night and day. You see they were all very weak, and during the day-time the sun shone with a blistering, damp heat. Every now and then little Dicky would come-to, open his

pale eyes, give thanks to the others, and close them again. They clung to him and trudged on, cursing all expeditions and the medical officer who had passed poor Dicky as a fit and proper person to starve with the like of them.

Two of them had brought Dicky to the fort, and a cart had gone out to bring in the other, who had tripped, fallen, and been unable to get up about two miles back along the road. And now Dicky, unlike many of his more stalwart comrades, was still fighting for his life, lying on some grass spread on the earthen floor of one of the huts, four of which were built in a straight line outwards from each corner of the fort. Somewhere hundreds of miles to the south of the lonely mountain were Dicky's mother and somebody called Lucy, who were proud of Dicky's adventurous spirit, and knew nothing of the fight he was making; even afterwards they never came to know that it was really only a matter of food. There is a streak of mercy underlying the surface cruelty of these big distances.

The lieutenant corrected himself, seeing that he had given a large and quite impossible order. "I mean, if you can find anything that you think will be of use, take it and go with the Kaffir. I need not tell you to come back as quickly as you can, for you know better than anybody else how you are wanted here."

Mac saluted and turned away. He had not spoken a word during the interview. Sometimes he would not speak to any one at all for days. A man came running up to him.

"Come and see Dicky, Mac,—there's something wrong."

The corporal doctor wheeled again in a new direction, always without speaking, always as if a handle turned him, and came to one of the huts. He walked straight in, and stood a moment just beyond the doorway. On

the left of him two men were sleeping quietly in their blankets; to his right a man was talking with the loud, stupid incoherence of delirium about a cricket match of years ago in an English village. At the end of the hut a big man was on his knees, leaning over a shrunken little body, one hand on each side of it. It was the man of those three who, through the coming to the fort, had always lifted the youngster on and off his horse. He was calling to the boy.

"Dicky!—Dicky!—Dicky!"

He paused between each calling; each word had a different modulation of entreaty. MacDougall walked over and examined the boy.

"He's dead," he said gently.

The big man sat back upon his heels.

"Dicky dead! . . . you're a d——d fool. Mac . . . you're a blithering, self-satisfied ass . . . Dicky's asleep . . . he didn't come all the way here to this centre of luxury to die. . . . Dicky's a brave little chap . . . you go away, I'll look after him." Then he knelt up again, and in a voice like a woman's, with gentle calling in it, said once more—

"Dicky!" . . .

Mac turned and walked out of the hut. As he stepped into the sunlight he heard the big man break down and cry like a child shut out into the dark.

Before nightfall there was another little mound between the fort and the long range of quiet hills. It was Dicky's contribution to the spoor of the English as they creep from the Cape to Cairo.

A quarter of an hour later Mac and the Kaffir galloped through an opening in the thorn-tree "Skerum" that enclosed several acres around the fort. I had helped him to saddle up,—for a horse, the riding of one, anything to do with one, had always remained a mystery to him. He had come out

of the gloom that had held him for days and talked to me, softened, I think, by little Dicky's quiet bravery and death. He took with him a case of lancets, all that there was in the way of instruments. I watched his stiff awkward figure swaying and bumping in the saddle, and wondered how he kept on. He turned and waved his hand to me, which placed him in still greater peril.

III.

MacDougall's* outlook was a moody one as he rode, or, let me rather say, was uncomfortably carried, the eighteen miles to the drift. He was tired to the heart and wracked with the physical aching of enforced sleeplessness. Though he recognized it plainly, there was no consolation in the good work he had done lately, there was nothing to be seen but the long blank spaces of his might-have-been. Would the country he was riding through ever be cleared, tilled, and bring forth crops, or pasture great flocks and herds? As it lay around him in beautiful green undulations, dotted with little clumps of acacias, it seemed to breathe of hidden worth and wealth that were never to be brought to a consummation, that were always to be fruitlessly struggled for. It seemed to him that, like himself, the country was to remain for ever a failure, although crammed to the roots of its grass with glorious possibilities.

Stepping out into the world one of Edinburgh's brilliances, he had somehow missed his footing and stumbled downwards ever since. He had written plays that nobody would play, verses that nobody would print, and his ceaselessly working brain had inherited insomnia. He had made some fight against drugging, little or none against drink. Why should he have, since there came times when it seemed

that he must drug, drink, or go mad?

Harman, hearing the sound of horses, came out of his wagon with thoughts attuned to meeting some trim, well-kept surgeon, and to the exchange of those trite old greetings that Englishmen pride themselves upon never exceeding in any circumstances. He stared with a sort of hurt surprise at the curious travesty of a medical gentleman who was getting himself from horse to ground with stiff discomfort and unfamiliarity. A tattered tunic, open at the medical gentleman's neck, showed the grimy throat-band, originally white, of a common regimental shirt. Loose, ill-fitting riding-breeches, innocent of any cut and devoid of any lower covering of leggings or putties, were fastened just above the boots with one brass button for each leg; these unconquerable buttons shone luridly and with protest out of the general gloom of dirt. Pieces of raw hide tied the sole to the upper of each boot, but were unequal to closing the gaping apertures in front, where the big toes and their near companions protruded, filthy and unashamed. A black stubby beard was patched here and there with dirty white, and left only two pale-brown spots of skin below and small, gray, blinking eyes.

He took off his hat, and patched black hair of the same kind as the beard came forward and stood out over his eyes irregularly, like worn and jagged eaves.

He looked like a tumbled-down barn.

"I'm the doctor. . . . No, I don't look the part much, do I?"

His eyes twinkled dully between the blinks, for he had taken in Harman's thinking.

"My name's MacDougall,"—he bowed slightly, with a grace of days that were dead to him, and went on with a fine carelessness and repressed though really half-hysterical irony. "I'm a Bachelor of Medicine, a Licen-

tiate of the Royal College of Physicians, a Fellow of the College of Surgeons, and a corporal in the little army of occupation here."

"How do you do?" said Harman. "It's really awfully good of you to have come."

"I didn't come, I was sent. . . . then I was carried by that poor beast there, who liked it about as much as I did. . . . Where's the patient? . . . I don't want to seem abrupt, but there's a lot of sickness up at the fort, and I must get back as quickly as I can."

"I'm afraid you'll have to climb aboard of your horse again. The man's on the other side of the river."

As they rode down to the drift Harman talked ceaselessly to the disheveled scholar at his side, but on his face there stayed the imprint of the long night of suspense and his work of the morning. For, with daylight, the river having gone down somewhat, he had, alone, brought Jan to the southern and more easily reached bank. It was a jumbled nightmare of wrestling with fear of the huge, fetid, pitiless reptile that must all the time have been lurking near him, and the fighting against a sense that he would sicken into oblivion if his eyes were dragged again to the horrible wound. With the aid of a gallant little horse he had rescued the man, and now he had only an overwhelming yearning to have done with it all, to be away somewhere. As when weary with watching at the bedside even of a dearest friend a man's thoughts will stretch out to sunshine, lights, and laughter, he had a feeling that he had played his part, that the curtain should fall now upon this grisly scene, that it was unfair to keep him any longer face to face with the horror of the river, the horror of the jagged, bloody wound in the wagon over there. He wanted to know no more

about it, and longed guiltily for one of those golden interludes of Return that come into the lives of men who go down to the sea in ships, or fight out into the waste places of the earth. He was surfeited with sensations. Fear, horror, strained endeavor, physical loathing, had all, apparently, been built up to their highest points and then fallen inwards and downwards, clashing into a chaos of resentful gloom. So, as if fighting some unseen, quiet, crushing force throughout a black dark night, he talked manfully. MacDougall bumped in his saddle, blinked, nodded, knew the kindred weariness, and bowed in his heart to the other's bravery.

"It may be a little of a swim," said Harman, as they reached the brink of the water; then, seeing that this conveyed nothing to MacDougall, he added gently, "You'd better throw your irons across the saddle and unbuckle your rein in the middle."

Harman led the way.

As his horse began to feel for the bottom MacDougall dropped his reins, and clung fiercely to the pommel of the saddle. Then there was no more earth to walk upon; the horse and he were adrift in the quaking, rushing turmoil of what seemed like some new illimitable space. The cold, brown water rose as if driven from below almost to his neck, and all the while it surged and surged past him. It was so endless and so powerful that it seemed that it must sweep him with it, for it raised him bodily from the saddle and pushed his legs away from the horse as easily as if they had been strips of paper in a wind. All the waters of the world seemed determined to push past him, to unheedingly jostle him, trample on him. Suddenly the reason for his being there flashed across his mind, . . . the thing that had happened in this river the night before. This thought struck him like a physical

blow, and his neck twisted to it: it was like the movement of a dog that is kicked on the head by a horse or bullock. He felt that each of his legs was some tremendous and priceless possession that he had always possessed but never recognized the value of till now, dearer to him than all friends, all memories; that these were in imminent and direful peril, and that he was entirely impotent to reach and succor them: there they must dangle always in helpless, silly invitation to an unspeakable annihilation. In front of him, Harman's horse had touched bottom and was walking. MacDougall felt that he was growing unconscious—he was so weak. Then the water changed into an utterly endless express train dashing always through a railway station, where he lay face downwards on the platform, and was being slowly dragged, feet first, to a frightful destruction. Suddenly by the clutch of his hands—he had forgotten that he was holding anything,—he knew that he was safe, that the thing he was holding so grimly was moving once more with comprehensible movements: with a wrench he was sitting in his saddle.

Harman waited till he was level and picked up the dangling reins.

"It was about three strokes of a swim, after all," he said.

MacDougall staggered as he dismounted by the wagon. The three strokes of a swim had, to him, been hours of finely assorted agonies. As a Kaffir led away his horse, and he was left entirely without support, he swayed slightly, and it looked as though his legs, the priceless possessions that he had dragged behind him through the water with such infinite fear and longing, would refuse now that they were safe to support him. He felt himself the central figure among things and people. There was a wagon, also some stumps of trees, and a

little red-haired man sitting on a camp-stool, with his head on his hands, three Kaffirs,—he counted them twice,—a fussy old gentleman, who was nodding at him because the tall man with the very tired sailor-blue eyes had said something about Dr. MacDougall—he had just been following that tall man through a long, long hell; there were walls almost all round of huge trees laced together with jungle undergrowth; to the river and to the south were two openings, like large pale-blue eyes looking into a prison. All these things and people began to move slowly, zig-zagging round him; but he could stop them for a little by putting out his hand and looking into Harman's face. He heard a voice saying, "I think I'll sit down," but it didn't seem to have anything to do with him, so he kept standing.

Then Harman was in front of him with a bottle and a pannikin, and saying, "Take a stiffener, doctor; no, let me pour it out for you." MacDougall threw back his head and drank very slowly. It was neat brandy, and the liquor had fallen two inches in the bottle. As he drank he pushed his left arm to the front for balance, and the hand of it opened and shut as he swallowed as though it were gathering in something.

When he had finished and dropped the hand holding the pannikin to his side, he seemed to the men who watched him to grow where he stood. His teeth stopped chattering, his eyes stopped blinking, and he laughed softly for very warmth and comfort. He climbed into the wagon, and ten minutes afterwards he climbed out again and drew Harman and the Major to one side.

"I can do nothing here," he said. "His leg must come off, and I can't do that with a case of lancets only, though they'll be the only knives when you do get him to the fort. . . . It's a beastly

sight,—give me another drink, will you?"

The brandy fell another two inches in the bottle, and MacDougall became that rare and precious man among men, the Scotch humorist. They fed him, listened to him, they gave him more brandy and forebore to question closely concerning Jan, taking what comfort they could in the doctor's presence and removal of responsibility. They drank, too, with him, Brown and the Major, not Harman.

Brown's head was teeming with thoughts of flight. South! south! if only he could face the road leading there, but he could not,—he could no more have walked into that pale-blue eye, that momentarily became dimmer and yet more fathomless, than he could have talked aloud about his wild desire to do so; for at the back of the eye lay loneliness, wild beasts and creeping things, granite mountains that frowned coldly above, and lower, green slopes and cool springs that laughed aloud mockingly in the sun—"Come, wander among us, we are very beautiful." So he drank to shut out the lure of the southern road with its numberless gaping deaths lying in wait for the lone man.

The Major was an honorable gentleman, who had always played his part, even among tigers. He loved fuss, but he hated worry, and he was worried by the past night and events since. There was nothing definite to lay hold of, nothing that anybody could dare to say to him that he should have done or left undone; yet there was something that he might have done, though what it was even he himself could not say even to himself. It hovered in his head, but he could not lay the finger of his brain upon it. So he drank, and his might-have-done disappeared, buried in MacDougall's stream of jocund philosophy and anecdote. Once more the dusk and the rain settled down,

the pale-blue eyes slowly closed, thick clouds fell like a solid roof upon the tree-tops, and they were shut in their dark, hot stovepipe of night-blackened greenery.

MacDougall, the Major, and Brown slept heavily on a huge bed of thickly laid rushes under the tarpaulin. Harman leant against the brake of the wagon, and talked now and then to the wounded giant who was utterly without repining, and spoke cheerfully of being put right, so the doctor had said when they could cross the river and come to the fort. Once during the night a lion roared, and Harman roused the Kaffirs to throw fresh wood upon the smouldering, spluttering fires. He stood over them, rifle in hand, while they carried out his orders, and peered into the darkness. He seemed to have been spending a large part of his life of late trying to push his eyesight out into black nights to find horrible things. Presently he returned to the wagon, hoisted himself into a sitting position, leant his head against the hood and dozed until daylight.

The river rose again, and for two whole days remained uncrossable; then it fell rapidly. During all this time the medical non-commissioned officer of Fort Regina was either drunk asleep or drunk awake. The former periods were the longer; during the latter he would, for the most part, having fathomed the hollowness of the Major and Brown, and being ashamed to hold converse with Harman's steady eyes upon him, climb into the wagon, lie beside Jan and spout Shakespeare, odes of Horace, and Matthew Arnold. The Dutchman never complained; indeed, he seemed to think it an unaccountable distinction that he should be the object of all this eloquence, and would occasionally make inquiries as to the gist of it, and smile at the Scotsman's efforts to put Latin into Dutch. A

curious affection sprang up between doctor and patient.

Early in the second afternoon, as MacDougall was clambering out of the wagon to get himself more brandy, having finished an impressive recital of "The Buried Life," he fell upon Jan's wounded leg, and rolled out heavily on to the ground. He knew, none could know better, what he had done. As he fell he heard the Dutchman's smothered curse; but when he stood up, the man was asking him in his queer mixed language whether he was hurt. MacDougall reached for the brandy bottle that lay by the head of the sleeping, tiger-renowned Major.

"Jan," he said thickly, "it is finished," and he smashed the bottle across the brake-handle of the wagon, and dropped the jagged neck of it on the Major's blanket. He leaned his elbows on the back of the wagon, watched the spirit soak into the ground, and then spoke.

"By the piper that piped every morning before breakfast and before Moses you are two men, Jan,—your body is double and your soul is double; you ought to be dead, but . . . by God . . . I believe you're savable now. . . . Good word savable . . . and if you are, I'll save you."

He turned away and lurched down to the drift, where he stripped, and with a red-worded invitation to all crocodiles to work their wicked will upon his useless carcass, plunged into the river and wrestled with the water until he was clean and wellnigh sober.

On the third day, the river having gone down sufficiently for the wagon to cross over, Jan was bumped and jolted up to the fort. At last pain seemed to be able to touch him: he groaned a little as his racked body was thrown this way and that, and the whites of his eyes took a greenish tinge.

MacDougall rode on before, and made his dispositions.

Mortification had set in, and it was to be up near the hip or not at all. The tools for the work were a lancet and the troop butcher's meat-saw. There was no chloroform, no ether, no anaesthetic of any kind whatever. I was doing sentry-go on the fort when Jan was carried from the wagon to a tent that stood only a few yards from the end of my beat. Everything was done with all possible speed. The lieutenant and three of the strongest men in the fort came quickly and went into the tent, the lieutenant carrying a pint bottle of champagne, the last of a much hoarded little stock, for the wine was invaluable in extreme cases of fever. Across from his hut came MacDougall, walking quickly. He was bare-headed and coatless, with shirt-sleeves rolled up above the elbows. In one hand he carried the case of lancets, from the other dangled the butcher's saw. He was steady-eyed, and there was strength in his step: he was the surgeon stripped for work. It does not seem in the best interests of temperance,—nay, it seems almost wicked to have to say it here,—but it was none the less true that his two days of hard drinking and voracious eating, with intervals of much-needed slumber, had done him a world of good. He nodded to me and disappeared into the tent. The stretch of ground upon which it was my duty to walk up and down would not allow of my being more than fifty yards away from the tent. I stood on the spot from which I had nodded to MacDougall, transfixed, fascinated with horror, as I pictured the scene in the tent, . . . the three strong men, . . . the screams of the wounded giant that I must hear, . . . his savage, helpless attempts to writhe under the butchery.

The sergeant in charge and the rest

of the guard had hidden themselves in the guard tent on the far side of the fort. There was not a living soul in sight, for the last of the men who had been standing about in groups scurried to their huts as MacDougall went into the tent. They had shut all the doors, and many of them lay with their heads buried in their blankets. Utterly alone I must wait at my post till the moment when every fibre of my body should be torn by the shrieks of a strong man,—shrieks wrung from him by torture inexpressible. I made wild brain wrenches towards other things; it was useless, there were no other things: the whole universe seemed made up of that tent, the mountain looming up to the sky behind it, that looked on with a lofty, cold carelessness that was damnable, and me.

In God's name, why did they not start their devilish work and get done with it? I leaned heavily on my rifle, for my knees shook as with an ague. I felt that in another moment I must scream myself, to break the iron silence that was gripping the life out of all life, everywhere. . . .

MacDougall was coming out of the tent drying his hands; the lieutenant followed him, very pale, but smiling. It seemed to me so wicked a thing to smile just then that I had a longing to hurl my rifle at his head; and the rage of it set me up and made me my own man again. One of the men came hurrying out of the tent, carrying something wrapped up in a blanket, holding it gingerly, as far as possible from him. It was all over, then, and the man had never uttered a sound. I said to myself, "Poor devil, he must have fainted."

When the guard was relieved an hour later, I found MacDougall and questioned him.

"I have never heard about such a man, nor have I read about one," he said; ". . . no, he never fainted, and the men to hold him need not have

been there, for he never moved. He drank the champagne at a draught; I gave him a large drink of brandy a minute afterwards, and then he said he was ready. . . . When I had done with him he asked the lieutenant for a cigar—that's what you saw him smiling at as he came out; . . . then he began to joke about the 'stomp,' as he called the leg that was off,—said he must keep it to take home to his wife, that she would not receive him with only one leg. I feel quite sure," continued MacDougall, "that he would live now if only we had things to give him to eat and drink that were nourishing; as it is . . . I'm afraid."

Jan Vanderweyder died from exhaustion on the following evening, and many of the men who had no business

Blackwood's Magazine.

out of their huts, when they heard of how he had borne himself through his troublous time,—right through to the end he was cheerful,—dragged themselves up to follow him to his grave. We buried him close to little Dicky: they had great hearts, both of them. It was not a soldier's funeral, but assuredly it was a hero's. The spoor of the English, as they creep from the Cape to Cairo, became the plainer for the Dutchman's little mound. It was an ungrudging contribution.

Brown died alone in his tent some months afterwards, and his bones were scattered by wolves.

This is the story of how the river came down between the wagons and told two men to turn back.

J. Stanley Hughes.

AN ELIZABETHAN PAINTER.

I wish to write of a forgotten Englishman; an artist of the days of Queen Elizabeth, and, like a true Elizabethan, not artist alone but adventurer, a man of action in many lands, and the friend of Sir Walter Raleigh. In Virginia this summer they are commemorating the first effectual founding of an English colony beyond the sea. But we in England do not forget those gallant though abortive attempts made by Raleigh to settle his planters on the Virginian coast, before the sixteenth century was turned. The story of these expeditions is the story of the artist I write of, John White. Whether an artist by profession, we do not know. But White's drawings show not only skill and training, but what is rarer, delicacy; they witness to a sensitive eye and to a sensitive hand.

With most people the old notion seems still to persist that the art of water-color painting is of purely British origin, and developed towards the

end of the eighteenth century out of the "stained" topographical drawings, little more than monochrome, of Sandby and Hearne. The notion is quite erroneous. All of White's known drawings are in water-colors, like many of Dürer's. Forty years ago these drawings, which had lain unknown in the obscurity of a private library, came upon the London market; they were bought at Sotheby's by that enthusiastic student of early American history, the late Mr. Henry Stevens, and from him were purchased for the British Museum.

How neglectful we are of our early artists! The fine portraiture of Dobson and of Walker in the seventeenth century remains still uncatalogued; and here is a man who is not only one of the very few English names in sixteenth-century painting, but who stands apart from the others in not being a miniature or portrait painter; whose work moreover takes us to the

heart of Elizabethan enterprise, and illustrates one of the most entralling pages of our history; yet no dictionary of artists mentions him. A slight and incomplete notice in the "Dictionary of National Biography" ignores the existence of this book of drawings, referring only to an album of copies by another hand. In the book I have mentioned there is evidence for chapters in the painter's biography which have hitherto been overlooked. For among the drawings, which are chiefly of Virginian subjects, are figures of Esquimaux men and women and of Florida savages, pointing to voyages both to the north and the south of the North American continent, though the Florida subjects may of course have been drawn on one of the Virginian expeditions. But what are more interesting than these are drawings of natives of Astrakhan and the Caucasus, suggesting that White had travelled, not only west across the seas, but east across the plains of Europe. And nothing is more probable; for after the journey of Anthony Jenkinson in 1558 through Russia into Bactria, to find new routes for English trade, there were frequent missions undertaken in those regions by English merchants; and White, who took a married daughter with him to Virginia, was evidently a man of some age when Raleigh sent him on his service, presumably also of experience in such missions, and indeed writes of himself as an old traveller. Besides these drawings of actual people, there are some half-dozen which are creatures of the artist's imagination. They represent his idea of Ancient Britons. Theodore de Bry, whose great work on America contains some engravings after White's designs, tells us how the painter was struck by the tattooed bodies of the American aborigines, and how they reminded him of what he had read of the woad-stained first inhabitants of his own island. To the

curious student these few drawings have a special interest; because, while in the rest of his work, with a living figure before him, White draws with manifest exactness and life-likeness, he here adopts unconsciously the kind of types and mannered proportions which one sees in the contemporary schools of the Continent. One is reminded of artists like Goltzius; and I should suspect that White had his training from a painter of the Netherlands. But the surpassing interest of the album is the illustration of the Virginia voyages. On one page we see Sir Richard Grenville riding at the head of a troop back to his camp on one of the West Indian Islands. In another the English have landed from a Spanish prize and are hewing with axes at a great mound of salt which the Spaniards had collected, and are carrying it off for their own use, having first thrown up a hasty entrenchment round it. Hakluyt records the incident, and adds that the Spanish troops rode up and looked on, but dared not attack. These, and the drawings of villages in Virginia, various types of natives, their dances, their ways of catching fish and cooking it, the pineapples, bananas, and other strange fruit, flowers, fish and birds were made upon Raleigh's second expedition of 1585. The first expedition, in the previous year, had been merely to reconnoitre. I believe that White sailed also on this first voyage in one of the two barks sent out to discover a fit place for settling. Who can read the report which those two ships brought home and not feel fired with the same enthusiasm which filled Raleigh then? How they came to a coast deserted but green with woods, teeming in beautiful and fruitful trees; how the vines trailed luxuriantly over the shore where they beached their boats, with the surf sending its spray over the wild grapes on the ground, while inland they saw the vines climb toward

the tops of cedars, the highest and reddest in the world; how flocks of white cranes rose at a musket-shot, with a sound like an army shouting together; how they found the woods filled with hares and with deer; and how after some days men appeared, shy but smiling, tall and handsome, who showed the strangers nothing but hospitality and kindness, and who seemed, in the Englishmen's phrase, "to live after the manner of the Golden Age." But alas! this happy promise was not fulfilled. A second visit soon discovered the snakes in this paradise. The savages turned hostile, some secretly, some openly; and the settlers, whose own behavior was partly answerable for the change, no longer kept supplied with food and lacking the natives' skill in fishing, began to dread starvation. They had sown corn, but the blades shot up too slowly for their needs. Watching for passing sails, they had the joy of sighting English ships, Drake with his fleet returning from victory to see how the colony of his friend Raleigh prospered. Scarcely had Drake carried off the homesick settlers, when ships with reinforcements arrived from England, and finding the place deserted left fifteen men in charge. Raleigh, undaunted, fitted out another fleet in the next spring; and this time White sailed, not as draughtsman, but as "Governor of the Colonie." They made the coast as before, and found the settlement, but no trace of the fifteen. Instead were houses half-ruined, the lower parts all overgrown with melons of various sorts, and deer muzzling the young fruit. A subject for a charming picture! But White had other occupations, harassing enough. Discontent grew apace; the colonists feared their needs were not realized at home, and urged White himself to return and represent them to Raleigh. With extreme reluctance towards the end of August he set sail, only a few

days after his daughter, who with other women had accompanied the expedition, had given birth to the first child of English blood born on English North America, Virginia Dare. Fate at home was equally against him. The Armada was preparing, and no ship of any use for war was allowed to leave the English coasts. White managed to smuggle out two little pinnaces, but they came back ingloriously; and not till March in 1590 was he able to sail himself. Even then, storms and a most inclement season protracted the voyage till August. At first signs of life near their old settlement raised their hopes, but on landing they found no one. At night a great flame rose among the woods; they rowed near, and though not daring to land, for fear of ambush, sounded a trumpet; and when there was no answer, tried singing familiar English tunes, but to no purpose. At daybreak they pushed through the woods, and found nothing but charred trees and blazing grass. Further on they came on the name of an island some way down the coast carved in capitals on a palisade. For this island, therefore, they started. But again the winds rose, anchors were lost, food ran short. They were forced to drive before the storm to the West Indies, and then to the Azores; and by that time it was October, and there was nothing for it but return to Plymouth. White never saw Virginia again. Raleigh was diverted to new enterprises, and White himself too poor to undertake the relief of his friends and kin. The lost colony, the little company of English men and women, with the child Virginia Dare, has disappeared from history, with no more memorial than that strange solitary fire which the searchers saw by night burning in the deserted woods, and hailed with their Devon songs, and there was none to reply.

Laurence Binyon.

DO BEES REASON?

Any intelligent person who on a fine warm day in the month of June has seen a swarm of bees to the number of thirty or forty thousand issuing forth within the space of a few minutes from the parent stock, all clearly possessed of one idea and prepossessed of one purpose, must feel that there is a great deal that still remains obscure as to the workings of mind among the lower animals. Much has been written about the movements of a multitude of birds in flight, so that they seem at times to be all instantaneously directed as if by a common will. It is a phenomenon very hard to explain in all its bearings, but the interest of it falls far short of that of a swarm of bees. As the insects issue from the hive they are evidently under the influence of a common and overwhelming excitement. A few minutes before, nothing of the sort was to be seen; but it suddenly becomes a kind of frenzy which is communicated to the whole hive. As the great flight of insects rises into the air, all the units composing it have evidently a very clear conception of the business they are about and of what part each of them has to play in the joint undertaking. They have shown foresight for they have all gorged themselves with food on leaving the hive, a thing which bees never do on any other occasion, although it is a matter of absolutely vital importance to them now. A swarm carries the old queen of the hive with it, and, if it travels, it moves by one purpose. Often the whole of the bees will fly in a direct line for miles across country. Even if, as many bee-keepers say, scouts have been sent out beforehand to choose new quarters, it seems almost impossible to conceive how these could conduct the multitude

through the air, the many thousands of bees following as if all simultaneously moved by one idea.

The question as to the nature of the means by which bees communicate ideas to each other is a very difficult one. It is becoming clear, as the result of many experiments, that bees do not communicate by any system of signals taking the place of words or language amongst human beings. If honey is placed in the open air on a warm summer's day and a bee is brought to it, the insect will soon communicate the intelligence of the food available to other bees in the hive, which may be a long distance off. Scores and even hundreds of bees soon will be brought to the spot as the result of the visit of the first one, while, as may easily be proved, not a single bee would have found it but for this fact. In this case it would appear to be established that bees possess the power of reasoning and of communicating complex ideas. Nevertheless, the writer has found as the result of experiments many times repeated that, all appearance to the contrary notwithstanding, bees are quite unable to communicate to each other any ideas as to the locality of the food. What happens is merely that the excitement of the first find of food spreads from the original bee when it returns to the hive. Numbers rush out in quest of the store in all directions and those which find it do so by scent, and not as the result of any directions communicated from the bee which first returned to the hive. It is in facts like these that we probably have the explanation of many similar appearances which often lead us to think that bees must have some kind of language and must reason from ideas communicated

thereby. Yet they leave a great range of other facts still unexplained.

One of the most remarkable facts of the social life of bees is that if the queen is removed the worker bees immediately proceed to raise a new queen from one of the eggs in the hive by subjecting the young grub to a course of highly stimulating feeding. As the queen is the mother of the colony, and the centre round which the whole of its life revolves, the loss of the queen means the dissolution of the State if steps are not instantly taken to repair it. The most extraordinary instincts possessed by bees are therefore those which relate to the queen. If the queen be taken from a large colony and the bees are kept under direct observation for some time after, it is very interesting to watch what happens. It is usually said that the queen as she moves through the hive is surrounded by a bodyguard. It is, however, not a fixed bodyguard, but one the members of which are continually changing as the sovereign moves along. Yet as soon as the queen is removed, the loss almost immediately becomes known throughout the whole of the hive. A curious point at the outset is that the majority of the bees do not appear to show the least interest or excitement. The concern which sets in appears to affect a minority, which rush from place to place all over the combs in a state of wild anxiety. Soon the building of a royal cell around one or more of the female grubs is begun, and the building and stimulating feeding continue at the highest possible pressure for some days. The proportion of bees which take part in these operations always appears to be about the same, the remainder of the hive taking no share in them. How the knowledge of the loss of the queen spreads through the hive, and how the deliberate and complex

series of highly purposive acts which follow are conceived in their right time and sequence and apportioned amongst the bees so as to produce the desired effects in the best manner, it is very difficult to understand. A kind of reasoning seems to underlie all the acts, and even some kind of fore-knowledge of the result. Thus, if the queen be restored, the royal cells which have been built will be instantly destroyed, the bees apparently foreseeing the confusion which would now result from their labors. If it is late in the season and the time has arrived for killing off the drones, the bees while they remain queenless will postpone the massacre for many weeks, and until after the new queen has taken her mating flight, evidently discerning the very vital relationship of this act to the future welfare of the colony. In all this, intelligence of a high order seems to be involved. And yet in many other simpler ways bees will act with what appears to be downright and meaningless stupidity. They will not infrequently, if disturbed at certain times, reject their fertile queen at a season when they are unable to make any provision for the succession, the colony thus committing what practically amounts to suicide. Even the powers of communication among bees in relation to the queen appear sometimes to be curiously limited. The writer has more than once removed the queen of a colony and confined her with a number of her subjects only a short distance off. These latter all returned to their original home; but apparently were unable to communicate there any information on so vital a matter as the whereabouts of their sovereign, so that the colony remained queenless in consequence.

A great deal remains obscure as to the nature of the social mind amongst bees. What appear to be acts result-

ing from reasoned ideas and high powers of communication are doubtless often no more than results following from emotions produced by a common exciting cause acting on the whole hive simultaneously. Nothing has puzzled observers more than the remarkable facts of the division of labor in a bee-hive. The right proportion of the many thousands of its population always seem to be engaged on the right tasks at the proper time. The feeding of the young bees, the gathering of honey by some foragers and of pollen by others, the building of the

The Outlook.

combs, the ventilation of the dwelling, and all the other tasks seem to be undertaken by the right numbers without effort and without confusion. It appears a very remarkable result. And yet the principles underlying it may be simple enough. As J. S. Mill pointed out, nothing could apparently be more the result of accident and unforeseen causes than letters posted without stamps, yet the number thus entrusted by forgetful clients to the post-office authorities bears every year a definite and fixed relation to the total population.

DEMOS.

"Well, she's my wife, ain't she?"

He put his hands on the handles of his barrow as though to take it away from one who could not see his point of view, wheeled it two yards, and stopped.

"It's no matter what I done to her. Look 'ere!" He turned his fish-white face, and his dead eyes came suddenly to life, with a murky, yellow glare, as though letting escape the fumes within his soul. "I ought to ha' put her to bed with a shovel long ago; and I will, too, first chance I get."

"It's just as well, then, that you don't know where she is."

"I ought to ha' stamped on 'er 'ead, and I will yet!"

"You're talking like a madman."

"Look 'ere, 'as a man a right to his own wife an' children?" His thick, loose lower lip trembled. "You tell me that!"

"It depends on how he behaves himself. If you knock her about, you can't expect her to stay with you."

"I never done more to her than what she deserved. I never gave 'er the 'alf o' what she ought to 'ave."

"I've seen her several times with your marks on her face."

"Yes, an' I'll mark 'er again, I will."

"So you have just said."

"Because a man 'ts 'is wife when he's got a drop o' liquor in 'im, that don't give 'er the right to go off like this, and take a man's children from 'im, do it?"

"I think it does."

"When I find her—"

"I hope you will not find her."

His head protruded; the yellow in the whites of his eyes deepened and spread until his whole face seemed suffused with it.

"Look 'ere, man an' wife is man an' wife, and don't you or any one come between 'em, or it'll be the worse for you."

"I have told you my opinion."

"You think I don't know the law; the law says his children belongs to the man, not to the woman."

"We needn't go into that."

"Needn't we? You think, becos I'm not a torf, I got no rights. I know what the law says. A man owns 'is wife, an' 'e owns 'is children."

"Do you deny that you drink?"

"You'd drink if you 'ad my life; d'you think I like this goin' about all day with a barrer?"

"Do you deny that you've often struck your wife?"

"What's that to you, or any one else, what I do to 'er in private? Why don't you come down to my place and order me about?"

"Only that I suppose you know your wife can get a separation order if she goes down to the Court?"

On his face a grin stole out, and back again.

"Separation order! Do 'er a lot o' good, that would! D'you think that'd keep my 'ands off 'er afterwards? She knows what I'd do to 'er if she went against me."

"What *would* you do?"

"She wouldn't want to ask for any more separation orders."

"You would be locked up if you molested her afterwards."

"Should I? *She* wouldn't be there to speak against me."

"I understand."

"She knows what I'd do to 'er."

"You've scared her so that she daren't go to the Court; she daren't stay with you; what can she do but leave you like this?"

"I don't want 'er, let 'er go; I want the children."

"Do you really mean that you don't want her?"

"I never 'ad a woman keep *me*."

"You know perfectly well that her earnings have kept you all."

"I tell you I never 'ad a woman keep *me*."

"Can you support the children?"

"If I could get a proper job——"

"But can you get a proper job?"

"Well, 'oo's fault is that; it's not my fault, is it?"

"You've had plenty of chances—perhaps *it is* your fault."

"'Oo cares if it is! I've always been

a good father to my children. I've worked for 'em, an' begged for 'em, an' stolen for 'em; I'm well known to be a good father all about where I live."

"But that won't keep them off the parish, will it?"

"You let the parish alone! If I 'aven't got money, I've got honor, an' that's better than all the money."

"Come! You have your two boys; your wife's only taken the little ones. Don't you think that's only fair?"

"The children's mine—every one o' them; takin' children away from their father—that's a fine thing to be backin' up like this!"

"But isn't it much better for the younger ones to be with their mother, especially the girl?"

His eyes moved from side to side, like the eyes of an animal in pain; and his voice was hoarse as though a lump had risen in his throat.

"Look 'ere! I'm fonder of them children than what people might think. I'll never sleep again till I know where they are."

"I know, I know! But how can I tell you where they are without telling you where their mother is?"

"I don't want 'er—I want the children."

"But why should *she* have all her children taken from her?"

"Let 'er come back, then, if she wants 'em."

"And put up with your violence?"

"I wouldn't give 'er a copper's worth more than she deserves—breakin' up my 'ome!"

"You know well enough you reckon on her coming back if you get the children."

"They're mine—the law gives 'em to me. 'Oo are you to go against the law?"

"We went over that just now."

"When she married me, she took me for better or worse, didn't she? Man an' wife should settle their own affairs.

They don't want no one else to interfere with them!"

"You want her back so that you can do what you like to her. Do you expect other people to help you to that?"

"Look 'ere! D'you think it's pleasant for me, when I go into the pub, to 'ave 'em talk about *my wife* goin' off on 'er own? D'you think I 'aven't got enough to bear without that?"

"You ought to have thought of that before you drove her to it."

"'Oo says I drove 'er? Noo's-bearin', talkin' about 'er, like what they are! She's lost 'er honor; d'you think that's pleasant for *me*?"

"No."

"Well, then!" He came from between the handles of his barrow and stood on the edge of the pavement, and the movement of his shoulders was like that of a bull that is about to charge. "Look 'ere! She's mine to do what I like with. I never injured any one that didn't injure me; but any one that injures me'll 'ave a funny piece o' cake to cut, what 'e'll never be able to swaller."

"Who is injuring you?"

"All I say is, when a man injures me, I injures 'im."

"Yes?"

"An' don't you think I'm afraid o' the police. Not all the police in the world won't stop *me*!"

"Well?"

"You only listens to one side; if I was to tell you all I've got against 'er—"

"I can't help that. I know that you beat her, you've threatened to murder her, and you ask me to help you to find her?"

"I'm arskin' you the whereabouts o' my children."

"It's the same thing. Can't you see that no decent man would tell you?"

He plucked at his throat and stood silent, with a groping movement like a

man suddenly realizing that the darkness before him is not going to lift.

"It's all like a secret society to me. If I can't get 'em back, I can't bear myself."

"How can it be otherwise after what you've said and done?"

"You're all on 'er side. She's a disgrace, that's what *she* is, takin' 'em away from their 'ome, takin' 'em away from their father."

"She brought them into the world."

"When I find 'er, I'll make 'er sorry she was ever brought into the world, 'erself. I'll let 'er know 'oo's 'er master! She shan't forget a second time! She's mine, an' the children's mine!"

"Well, I can't help you."

"I stands on the law. The law gives 'em to me, and I'll keep 'em. She knows better than to go to the Court against me—it means 'er last sleep."

"Good morning!"

He plucked at his neck again and ground the sole of his boot on the pavement, and the movement of his eyes was pitiful to see.

"I'm 'alf out o' meself, that's what I am; I'll never sleep until I find 'em. Look 'ere! Tell me where they are, sir?"

"I am sorry—I cannot."

In the unmoving fish-white face his dead eyes, straining in their sockets, began to glow again with that queer yellow glare, as though alive with the spirit that dwells where light has never come; the spirit that possesses those dim multitudes who know no influence but that of force, no reason, and no gentleness, since these have never come their way; who know only that they must keep that little which they have, since that which they have not is so great and so desirable; the dim multitudes, who, since the world began, have lived from hand to mouth, like dogs crouched over their stale bones, snarling at such as would take those poor bones from them.

"I'm 'er 'usband; an' I mean to 'ave 'er, alive or dead . . ."

And I saw that this was not a man who spoke, but the very self of that brute beast that lurks beneath the surface of our State; the very self of the chained monster whom Nature tortures with the instinct for possession, and man with whips drives from attainment. And behind his figure in the broad flowery road, I seemed to see the countless masses of his fellows, filing out of their dark streets, out of their alleys and foul lodgings, in a never-ending river of half-human flesh, with their faces set one way. They covered the whole road, and every inlet was alive with them; and all the air was full of the dull surging of thousands more. Of every age, in every sort of rags; in all their faces the look that said: "All my life I have been given that which will keep me alive, that, and no more. What I have got, I have got; no one shall wrench it from my teeth! I live as the dogs; as the dogs shall my actions be! I am the brute beast; have I the time, the chance, the money to learn gentleness and decency? Let

The Nation.

me be, touch not my gnawed bones!"

They stood there—a great dark sea stretching out to the further limits of the sight; no sound came from their lips, but all their eyes glowed with that yellow glare, and I saw that if I took my glance off them they would spring at me. . . .

"You defy me, then, Guv'nor?"

"I am obliged to."

"One day I'll meet yer, then, for all your money, and I'll let yer know!"

He took up the handles of his barrow, and slowly, with a sullen lurch, wheeled it away, looking neither to his right nor left. And behind him down the road, with its gardens and tall houses, moved the million of his fellows; and, as they passed in silence, each seemed to say: "One day I'll meet you, and—I'll let you know! . . ."

The road lay empty again beneath the sun; nursemaids wheeled their perambulators, the scented trees dropped blossom, the policemen at the corners wrote idly in their little books.

There was no sign of what had passed.

John Galsworthy.

THE "COUP D'ETAT" AT SEOUL.

Japan has made the first great addition to her dominion, increasing its area by ninety thousand square miles and its population by about twelve millions. That seems to be the substance of the rather confused Korean telegrams received this week. The news is not very surprising. Ever since the rulers of the Island Empire decided to throw their State open to the world they have obviously planned to obtain complete ascendancy in the Korean Peninsula. They are dependent for part of their supply of food upon imports by sea, and, indeed, they are pressed to find work and sub-

sistence for their increasing population; and in both respects the possession of Korea, the nearest bit of the mainland to their own islands, may afford them valuable help. When, therefore, in 1895 the war with China ended with the submission of the latter Power, Japan claimed, besides the cession of Formosa and the payment of a large indemnity, that the protectorate of Korea should be transferred from China to herself. At the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War in 1905 the demand was repeated, and ever since it has been considered, in diplomatic phrase, that affairs in

Korea were within the purview of Japan alone. At first it was apparently intended that the protectorate should be of the most lenient kind, the kingdom, or Empire as it pompously called itself, being sheltered and guided by, but not exactly governed by, Tokio. This plan, however, worked badly. The Korean Emperor, and the wealthy, though incompetent, caste which for generations has governed Korea, detested an arrangement which interfered with their prescriptive right of pillage and peculation. The Army looked, of course, to its old hereditary chiefs, and the masses disliked the intruding foreigners who swarmed into the peninsula, and bore themselves as the efficient always do, and always will, bear themselves towards the incompetent. The Japanese agents, who really sought to improve a very bad Government, and who, not being as patient as the British in Egypt, were perhaps guilty of some hustling, found themselves baffled at every turn by Court intrigue, and at last remonstrated so strongly that the Emperor felt the only alternatives before him were abdication or deposition. His Ministers recommended the former course, probably in the hope of saving the dynasty, and on Friday week the Emperor, overpowered, as he said, by circumstances, abdicated in favor of his eldest son, described as a man of inferior mind and malleable temper. An agreement was made that he should follow on all points the advice of a Japanese Resident-General, and the intention obviously was to change the position of Korea from that of Egypt in 1907 to that of Bengal in 1757 in regard to Britain. The peninsula became a dependency instead of a protectorate. The people, however, accustomed for ages to a Sovereign of their own, do not entirely approve of the change. Riots have broken out in the provinces, the Court

still intrigues in the capital, and a Japanese garrison sufficient, if necessary, to maintain order by force is being despatched from the islands into the peninsula. The Japanese Government has, in fact, made up its mind to be obeyed, and we see little reason to doubt that within a very short period the native Government will be pushed aside as the Government of Bengal was by Clive and Hastings, and Tokio will make itself avowedly responsible for affairs in Korea. This means, of course, that the Koreans will be much better, and, above all, much more efficiently, governed; that they will become much richer, their natural resources being scientifically exploited; and that commerce will be very rapidly developed. But it also means much more. The Japanese statesmen are intent upon making their Island Empire very powerful in the world, and the great peninsula will provide them with additional means, for under a wise and strong Government Korea can be made to pay. Its people can relieve Japan of part at least of the military expenditure, and will provide recruits who, if not fully equal to Japanese soldiers, may still be most useful in any conflict. Like our own Gurkhas and the Japanese themselves, the Koreans are by origin Mongols, and Mongols, once taught to fight, fight with a nerve and a contempt of death quite equal to those of the bravest Europeans. Within ten years there will, in fact, for all external purposes, be a richer and enlarged Japan; a Japan, too, capable of sustaining in prosperity and in good order several millions of Japanese emigrants, and so of reducing the home pressure of population upon subsistence.

Great Britain can have no objection to any event which benefits Japan, even though the benefit should include a great increase in the influence al-

ready exercised by Tokio upon Peking, or should strengthen Japanese means of repelling a renewed advance by Russia towards the Pacific. And the remaining Powers of Europe will be but little concerned. Russia for the moment is fully occupied by her internal difficulties, and has no desire for a renewal of the Japanese War; France has no belief in the dreamy idea that Japan may drive her out of Indo-China; and whatever the ambitions of Germany may be, she is not yet ready for a great maritime struggle in the Far East. Washington will perhaps be anxious; for whatever may be the truth at the bottom of recent rumors, Washington is undoubtedly jealous for her own prospect of ascendancy in the Pacific, as well as for the safety of the Pacific mouth of the canal she is engaged in cutting through Panama. But the United States will not plunge into the unknown by resisting Japan's expansion within an area so peculiarly her own. Korea therefore, we imagine, will be left to her fate, and Japan permitted to occupy herself with the great task of assimilation, which cannot injure the Koreans, and must result in benefit to the general commerce of the world. Even if the new protectorate

The Spectator.

develops into an annexation, it can hardly be said that the Koreans have passed under a foreign domination. The two races, though widely different in their civilization and their ideals—the Koreans seeking calm, while the Japanese seek progress—are still very closely related in origin, in language, and in religion. It may be very disagreeable for the lazier people to be stirred up out of their easygoing ways, but it will also be beneficial, for it must not be forgotten that the wealth of a very rich country is now monopolized by a caste which, if all reports from Seoul are true, has not shown itself either lenient or effective. The real people of Korea are plundered to their skins by their native rulers; and though prosperity may not be felt by them, as it is not felt by many natives of India, to be full compensation for the loss of independence, still, as that loss is no loss to the world in general, the only forces which could interfere may well regard the change with tolerance, or even with approval. We cannot think that anything which appears likely to occur in Seoul will threaten that peace which is as invaluable in the Far East as in the continent nearer to our own shores.

THE CULT OF GAELIC.

"Musha now, an' what would we be doin' learnin' the Gaelic, when, let alone meself, it'd take Saint Peter an' Saint Paul to feed them ould hinis?" This question, put to me by a typical Irish peasant, must have occurred to a large number of the five thousand who were present at a feis¹ held in a

¹ At the outset, it may be as well to explain that a feis is nothing more or less than an ordinary *fête*, with the addition of examination in Gaelic (and awards of silver watches to

certain county town in the South of Ireland a week or so ago. On the opening page of the programme of the feis to which I refer occurred the following paragraph:

A glance through the following pages will afford unmistakable evidence of the steady growth of the movement for peasant children) and speeches in the same language—which about 1 per cent. of the audience understands.

which the Gaelic League works. The number of entries in every department shows a very large increase on last year's Feis. We are glad to see that this is especially the case in the Language Competitions. But whilst there is reason for congratulations in this respect, we regret to have to point out that many schools are inexplicably absent from our lists. A perusal of the programme will supply the information as to what schools are doing their duty, and the public who support the schools have a right to ask for an explanation, and the right to demand an answer. At any rate whatever excuse there may have been for the past there can be none for the coming year, for there is now a large sum of money to be earned by each school in the teaching of Irish. It is the unquestioned birthright of Irish children to be taught their native language, and it is the duty of parents to see that their children be brought up as Irish children, and not as aliens—in ignorance of their own language and history, and indifferent to their natural heritage.

Later on, when America has placed her purse more unreservedly in the hands of Dr. Douglas Hyde, there will, doubtless, be a Gaelic University. In the meantime, one would like to ask, who has robbed these Irish children of their birthright? Has it been perfidious Albion, or has it been economic necessity? To those who know anything of Gaelic but one answer is possible. The reference to "aliens" is entertaining when one reflects that the stigma is thus applied to practically every Irishman, since something under one per cent. of the population understands the language. How ignorance of Gaelic implies ignorance of Irish history we do not know. Words flow more swiftly from an orator's heart than from his head, and the Irish are essentially an oratorical race. The statement that carries with it not only another injustice to Ireland but a grave national menace is that contained in the penultimate sentence.

There are in Ireland far more schoolmasters than are necessary; they are, as a body, more inefficient than their fellows in England, Scotland, or Wales, and they are certainly worse paid. To offer them, as the Gaelic League and its offshoots are offering them, bribes for their pupils' proficiency in a dead and useless language is to ensure a vast amount of valuable time—time which should be spent in teaching subjects of economic importance—being frittered away. For every hour which would ordinarily be given to English composition, or arithmetic, or other practical subject, four must necessarily be spent to attain proficiency in Gaelic. It is, without exception, the most difficult of all languages to acquire, and there is not at this moment either a respectably trustworthy grammar or a respectably adequate dictionary in existence. And yet from the people who purpose—and in many instances have accomplished—this waste of ratepayers' money we have to endure cant about "duty," and "birthright," and so forth!

The Gaelic League has already much to answer for. Everywhere, save in remote districts in the north, there are outward and visible signs of the study of Gaelic. In large villages and towns in the south something amounting to a revolution has taken place during the last few years in the appearance of the shop-fronts; the street corners have been decorated with green plates bearing the name of the street in Gaelic characters, with a kindly translation for the enlightenment of the dear, delightful Irish, robbed of their birthright by the iniquitous Englishman; and Bumbledom struts about in all the glory of green plush breeches—without a shillelagh. The shillelagh will come to its own, no doubt, with the coming of Home Rule of the Coquecigrues, when perfidious Albion has been banished from

Hibernia and the thatch of a certain quaint mud cabin near the wilds of Tipperary has been burnt over its owner's head. In the meantime it flourishes only in the hedgerows, and every Irish peasant—differing in this from the peasantry of my own country—is a model of politeness to the stranger within his gates. It is this aspect of Ireland which the cult of Gaelic will alter most. It has been denied, and it will continue to be denied, that politics enter into the programme of the Gaelic League, but the fact remains that the few eminent scholars at the head of it, who love the language for its own sake, have become mere tools in the hands of men whose primary object is separation. Readers will object that politics do not concern the *Academy*. I would reply that human welfare does. When, if ever, Gaelic takes the place of English as the language of the Irish people, Ireland will be cut off from intercourse with England, whence only can her salvation come, and she will be cut off from every nation under the sun. I do not suggest that such a state of

The Academy.

things is likely to come to pass; I do suggest that if it did the Irish, as a nation, would cease to exist.

I have been told by members and enthusiastic supporters of the Gaelic League that its primary object is to give to the world the vast literature which sprung up in Ireland at a time when the literary activities were dormant. I emphatically deny that any such literature exists. That the language—within limits—is a beautiful and poetic one everybody who has heard it spoken by cultured Irish-speaking people will admit. The claim that the few old legends of Cuchulain and others which exist are entitled to be called literature may be dismissed as ridiculous. If such a literature did exist it would be as practicable to make the Irish peasant classes familiar with it, and at the same time to teach them the things that they ought to be taught as it would be to make the English peasant classes familiar with the literature of ancient Greece and at the same time to teach them the things that they ought to be taught.

A. J. S.

IN A NEW NEIGHBORHOOD.

An old hillside estate in Surrey having come into the market has been bought by a speculative builder who is gradually erecting artistic cottages and bungalows all over it, each with an acre or two of garden. Some of these are already occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Boreham-Hack, by Mr. and Mrs. William Boones, by Miss Hitt and Miss Kew, by the Perry-Rises and by Miss Dix.

On the higher edge of the estate is an old Georgian house, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Courtly Deices, who, while not rich enough to acquire the property against the speculative builder, are yet comfortably off, and although resentful of the in-

jury that is being done to the countryside are yet socially inclined and disposed to be friendly with their new neighbors.

The following letters are chosen from a large number received or written during the past few weeks by Mr. and Mrs. Courtly Deices.

I.

Mavis Croft.

Miss Hitt and Miss Kew present their compliments to Mrs. Courtly Deices and would be very grateful if she would let them purchase vegetables and milk during the two weeks they are here. Later in the summer they will, of

course, make arrangements to acquire these commodities in the ordinary way, but just now it seems hardly worth while to open negotiations with a distant tradesman when *Mrs. Deices* probably has more than she requires, and might be glad of the opportunity of realizing upon them. *Miss Hitt* and *Miss Kew* would, of course, send a messenger to fetch them.

II.

(By hand.)

The Nook.

Dear Mr. Deices (may I say *Deices*?)—Happening to meet your man in the lane to-day, I learned from him quite by chance that you do not use all your coach-house. I wonder if you would mind if I stood my motor there for a little while until its own house is ready for it. I expect the architect every day now, and the pit is already begun. It will be very good of you if you will let me do this, and I shall be only too delighted to give you and the wife a run any Sunday. Thanking you in anticipation,

I am, yours very sincerely,

William Boones.

III.

(By hand.)

Weald View.

Dear Mrs. Courtly Deices,—I hate to ask favors, but I wonder if you would be so very kind as to lend me your mowing-machine for a little while. The grass is badly in need of cutting, and though I have been through *The Exchange and Mart* every number for some time I cannot find a second-hand one within my means. If your man could spare time to run over the lawn once or twice to-day or to-morrow I can promise you he would not go empty away, as I have several old neckties of my brother's to dispose of.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

Mollie Dix.

IV.

(By hand.)

Orchard Croft.

Mrs. Boreham-Hack presents her compliments to *Mrs. Deices* and begs to know if she would lend her a few books, as she finds that not a single volume was packed with the other things that were moved in to-day. *Mrs. Boreham-Hack* is passionately fond of reading, and cannot possibly sleep without an hour or two over a good book. *Mrs. Boreham-Hack* does not mind what it is so long as it is good. She has read, she might say, all *Miss Corelli*. If *Mrs. Deices* has *Odd Lengths* or *The Wingless Victory* *Mrs. Boreham-Hack* would gladly take them. *Mrs. Boreham-Hack* cannot think for the moment of any return she could make for *Mrs. Deices's* kindness except perhaps by offering her or her husband a hot bath now and then, as *Mrs. Boreham-Hack* has an excellent bath-room at *Orchard Croft*, and in such old houses as *Mr. and Mrs. Deices's* there is often no adequate provision for cleanliness.

(Wait reply.)

V.

(By hand.)

Orchard Croft.

Mrs. Boreham-Hack presents her compliments to *Mrs. Deices* and begs to return the three books that were lent her, none of which is quite to her liking. *The Origin of Species* she has always particularly objected to. *Mrs. Boreham-Hack* regrets to say that her bath is already out of order.

VI.

(By hand.)

The Homestead.

Dear Mrs. Deices,—Having arranged for a large party for this week-end, we have just heard of the arrival in England of my husband's youngest brother, after a long absence in British Columbia, and naturally we want to see him. All our rooms are however more than filled, and I wonder if you would be so

very kind as to let him occupy a room at your house to-night and to-morrow. I feel sure you must have more bedrooms than you use—judging by the number of windows. Awaiting your kind reply, believe me

Yours sincerely,

Gwendolen Binns.

VII.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry-Wise request the pleasure of *Mr. and Mrs. Courtly Deuces'* company at a Bridge party at the Yel-
Punch.

low House on Sunday evening next.
[R.S.V.P.]

VIII.

To Messrs. Ledger and Writs, Estate Agents.

Dear Sirs,—I shall be glad if you can find me a tenant or purchaser of my house as soon as possible. We are intending to move to a quieter neighborhood.

Yours faithfully,

Courtly Deuces.

A FRENCH CRITIC ON BEN JONSON.

It is interesting to note that, at the moment when Oxford is anxiously considering the study of modern languages, France devotes herself with increasing energy to English literature. The monographs of M. Huchon have already found their place on the shelves of the historian. It was but yesterday that a learned treatise upon Byron's influence on the Romantic movement was issued from a Paris press; and here is the erudite M. Castelain, who comes forward with the most scholarly edition of Ben Jonson's "Discoveries"¹ that has yet appeared. M. Castelain is perfectly equipped for his task. His knowledge of Latin literature is wide and deep. He has as intimate knowledge of the books which Jonson read as Jonson himself, and he has been able to elucidate the English text with an array of notes as interesting as it is formidable.

The history of the book may be briefly recalled. It was a posthumous work, published four years after Jonson's death. Its title-page is characteristic in expression and modest in

intent. Thus it runs: "Timber: or Discoveries; Made upon Men and Matter; As they have flowed out of his daily Readings; or had their refluxe in his peculiar notion of the times. By Ben: Johnson." It will be noticed that Jonson does not claim originality for his book. He admits that the Discoveries flowed out of his daily readings, and his admission has been generally accepted. "It has sometimes been discovered with pride, or surprise, or even scorn," says Professor Saintsbury, "that Ben borrowed very largely in these from the ancients." M. Castelain has carried Professor Saintsbury's surmise to a certainty. With a patient ingenuity he has traced almost every page of Jonson's book to its source. In his words, his "purpose in the present edition was 'to render unto Cæsar,' or other writers, what was in fact their own."

When Jonson went a-borrowing, he did it in the spirit of a king. He borrowed lavishly and with both hands. Sometimes he took a little essay whole; at others he found a line here and a line there, dovetailing them with so fine an ingenuity that they assume a new shape of their own. The authors for whom he proved his sin-

¹ Ben Jonson: *Discoveries. A Critical Edition*, with an Introduction and Notes on the True Purport and Genesis of the Book. Par Maurice Castelain. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

cerest respect are Seneca and Quintilian. But he did not disdain Pliny, and he discovered in the works of Erasmus many phrases and many thoughts which were admirably suited to his taste and talent. Machiavelli, whom he rightly calls St. Nicholas, was never far from his elbow, and he consulted Vives with tireless assiduity. And all this he did without disguise or denial. Again and again he gives in the margin a clue to the wise original. He cannot be charged with plagiarism, since plagiarism is the crime of the fool who secretly bombasts a poor intelligence with pilferings from the works of greater men. There was no secrecy in Ben Jonson's procedure. He did but make his daily readings his own, and transmute, by his fancy and colored style, the prose of the rhetoricians. Indeed, it is the paradox of this book that its freshness and originality never seemed so conspicuous to us as it does now that we have re-read it in M. Castelain's scholarly edition.

It is, in fact, a cento of other men's thoughts, which have become his own by right of adoption. It takes its place among the works of the *Essayists*, whom Jonson himself wofully deprecated. "Some turn over all books," said he, "and are equally searching in all papers; who write out of what they presently find or meet without choice. . . . Such are all the *Essayists*, even their master Montaigne. These, in all they write, confess still what books they have read last, and therein their own folly,—so much, that they bring it to the stake raw and undigested." The censure is not fair, if it be aimed at Montaigne and Burton, of whose tribe Ben Jonson was himself sealed when he composed his "Discoveries." For they, like him, set down nothing without choice, and digested everything that they brought to the stake. That there is an originality in borrow-

ing is clear enough, and so much was conceded by Jonson in a passage which explains and justifies his own work. "Such as accustom themselves," he writes with perfect truth, "and are familiar with the best authors, shall ever and anon find somewhat of them in themselves; and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an authority above their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly." To put it otherwise, the crime lies not in the process, but in the bungling of the process. A quick sympathy justifies the most audacious theft, and Jonson's book is stamped with his own image in every page, because he took nothing which he did not understand and assimilate. "Speak that I may see thee," says he after Apuleius; and if he speaks with a tongue that is not his own, he does not escape our vision.

Though he thinks with the brains of others, and does not disdain to use their words, he cannot be convicted of insincerity. When he describes the excellency of his own memory, he describes it in Seneca's terms; but the accuracy of the description need not be impugned. The fact that the immortal eulogy of Shakespeare is a thing of shreds and patches, impairs neither its beauty nor its truth. It merely proves Jonson the master of a strange and delicate art. And let it not be supposed that he adds nothing of himself. The expression is always his; the illustrations flash from his own vivid brain. When he bids the ancients discourse, it is of Spenser and the Water-Rimer that they speak. Translating literally from Plutarch, he brings you, with the true Elizabethan intimacy, to Black Lucy's door. If he presents Quintilian to censure the extravagance of an un-

natural, antic style, the censure is directed against "the Tamerlanes and Tamer-chams of the late Age, which had nothing in them but the scencial strutting and furious vociferation to warrant them to the ignorant gapers." And, being a poet, he adds to the phrase of another the touch which heightens prose into poetry. For instance, here is a passage which he entitles *Jactura vita*: "What a deal of cold business doth a man misspend the better part of his life in! In scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and venting news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner." As far as the word "plays" this is a liberal version of Quintilian. And then the poet speaks. "Making a little winter-love in a dark corner!" That is Jonson's own, and it justifies his claim to the whole passage. In brief, whatever he chose he turned to his will, changing the old to new and inspiring the dead with fresh life.

Yet so closely did he assimilate what he borrowed to what he owned that he would be a bold critic who on internal evidence alone would presume to separate them. Thus he writes in a passage which bears the true impress of originality: "Some words are to be called out for ornament and color,"—he is discussing the never young, never old question of style,—"as we gather flowers to straw houses, or make garlands; but they are better when they grow to our style; as in a meadow where, though the mere grass and greenness delights, yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautify." That, we should say, has the authentic imprint. But if M. Castelain tracked it to Vives or Quintilian, we could profess no surprise. On many a page, however, it is the easiest thing in the world to acknowledge defeat. "Such as torture their writings and go into council for every line." Could any

phrase be more genuinely modern than that? And there it stands, textually exact in the Latin of Seneca: "Illi qui scripta sua torquent, qui de singulis verbis in consilium eunt." And again: "There cannot be one color of the mind, another of the wit." It sounds like an Elizabethan commonplace, and it is Seneca's still: "Non potest aliud esse ingenio, aliud animo color." But the passage which takes you most suddenly aback is that in which Jonson describes the lovers of a broken, fantastic style. "These men err not by chance," he writes, "but knowingly and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves; have some singularity in a ruff cloak or hat-band; or their beards specially cut to provoke beholders and set a mark upon themselves." Surely nothing could belong more intimately to his century than this comparison. Yet it also may be traced to the mighty father of all noble commonplace.

Ben Jonson's success in annexation is not remarkable. He holds an honored place among the great translators. The poet who rescued the daintiest of songs—"Drink to me only with thine eyes"—from the prose of Philotratrus had nothing to learn in the art of interpretation. And the exquisite tact with which he made his selections matches the fidelity of his Englishing. To compare his essays with their originals is to see the perfect craftsman at work. He took no jewels which were not handsome in themselves and which were not wisely suited to their place. And the ground of his search was still untravelled. The continent of Latin literature had not yet swum into our ken. Though Lodge had already reclaimed the lost province of Seneca, though Holland had, so to say, colonized the treatises of Plutarch, the most of men looked upon the classics as upon a strange and distant country. Jonson, therefore, in his "Discover-

ies," was making known the unfamiliar; he was pointing the unaccustomed eye to lofty mountain-peaks. He was, in his modest fashion, a Hakluyt of Roman criticism, a Purchas whose pilgrimages led him in the remoter bypaths of literature. It is not for us, therefore, to brand him with the crime of the freebooter. Rather we would welcome him as one who, after a perilous voyage, has returned home laden with rare and precious spoils.

Whatever Ben Jonson discusses, be it morals or letters, he speaks with the voice of authority and tradition; and his "Discoveries" cannot but magnify our respect for the wisdom of the ancients. The precepts of old have lost nothing of their truth. Their application to modern history is precise and exact. The younger Pliny had already divined the dangers of democracy, and is thus interpreted by Ben Jonson: "Suffrages in Parliament are numbered, not weighed; nor can it be otherwise in these public councils, where nothing is so unequal as the equality; for there, how odd soever men's brains or wisdom are, their

power is always even, and the same." Might not that have been thought and written by a Tory of to-day? And what could be more to our present purpose than this, which Jonson writes in Latin, and which M. Castelain has not tracked to its lair? "A Puritan," thus Jonson, "is an heretical hypocrite, whose pride in his own perspicacity, by which he thinks he has detected certain errors in the dogmas of the Church, has disturbed the balance of his mind. And so, excited by a sacred fury, he fights madly against the magistrates, and believes that, in doing this, he pays obedience to God." You would search the literature of all ages in vain for a better definition of the Passive Resister. That, indeed, is the supreme worth of this work: it is packed with criticisms of life and books, whose truth the passage of time can never destroy. Wherever Ben Jonson found his wisdom, he made it his own and ours; and we are grateful for M. Castelain, who has given us the best edition that we have of a rare masterpiece, and who has performed a pedant's task in the spirit of a man of letters.

Blackwood's Magazine.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Carroll Girls," by Mrs. Mabel Quiller Couch, is a pleasant illustration both of the slightness of the wall dividing English and American feeling and of its actuality. Here is the well-known story of the family of children left by various chances without their natural guardians, but managing to grow up all that they should be and to be useful to their elders; one reads at least twenty American versions of it every holiday season, and wonders at the ingenuity that gives every version a differentiating trait, a family wit, a

wonderful pet, a hidden treasure, wonderful bravery, pre-eminent beauty, or what not, but "The Carroll Girls" tells of average folk. They are four in number, no one in the least remarkable, and being left in charge of a hitherto unknown aunt while their parents try the experiment of living in Canada, they develop in the direction of self-support chiefly by good luck in meeting adults capable of assisting them. Compared with Americans of their own age they are babies in independence, but in thought and speech and manners

they are five years older. It would be interesting to compare them minutely with Joe and Beth and Amy, or with some of Mrs. Blanchard's girls, or with "The Little Colonel" and her friends, the only American fictitious girls nearly approaching them in maturity of mind. One would like to see the four confronted with "Rebecca" and her schoolmates, and perhaps mothers and teachers might do worse than to recommend such a procedure to their pupils. E. P. Dutton & Co.

When that sturdiest of sensible men, John Fiske, fell upon the Baconians, and routed them with heavy slaughter, simple folk, profoundly content, fancied themselves henceforth free to enjoy their Shakespeare undefended by exhortations to call him somebody else. Bootless boast! Here is Mr. Latham Davis, with some five hundred fair pages of print nominated "Shakespeare, England's Ulysses," all contrived and written to show that Shakespeare was Robert Devereaux, second Earl of Essex. He is as confident as the fair Della herself, as William O'Connor or Ignatius Donnelly, and he has shaped the sonnets into something which he conceives to be both a play, and proof that Essex wrote the plays commonly attributed to Shakespeare. The "proof" is couched in elaborate "Emblems" compared with which the Donnelly cipher is as the multiplication table to the differential calculus, and it is reinforced by quotations from contemporary poets and statesmen. The chief objection to the testimony of this great cloud of witnesses is that its admission leaves the supposed secret a matter of common knowledge in court and literary circles, and unlikely, therefore, to have remained unknown for centuries to the world at large. The evidence given of the literary capacity of Essex is all the anonymous verse of the time, generously attributed to him

by Mr. Davis, upon no particular authority, and two links of such weakness destroy any value which the entire chain might have. The book is a curiosity, nothing more. Stechert & Co.

"England and the English," Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's intelligent attempt to explain London, and the heart of England, and the spirit of the English to the American visitor is something more than an agreeable book written in a spirit of kindly intelligence; it is a proof of an immense advance in mutual understanding since the days when Americans were grateful for observations made in England by an Emerson or a Hawthorne. In this one volume there is more of London, more of the England of down and dale and immemorial elms, and more of the spirit of the Englishman than can be found in all the books, novels included, of every American who has written of England, Washington Irving and Richard Grant White excepted. Indeed, with Sir Walter Besant's "London" and Mr. Edward Thomas's "The Heart of England," Mr. Kipling's "Puck" and "Stalky & Co." and this, one could dispense with the entire library in which Englishmen have striven to explain themselves in answer to critics, Gallic, Teutonic, and American. The "Author's Note" and "L'Envol" in which Mr. Hueffer himself is most easily found are valuable because they confirm the reader's opinion of the author's judgment of his own land by showing his capacity for understanding the United States and Americans. He is as just and as penetrative as Professor Munsterberg, and he has that spirit of divination of American character denied to all but those to whom English is the inherited vernacular. In exterior the book is a square octavo, and it is illustrated with good pictures by Mr. Henry Hyde. McClure, Phillips & Co.

